TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1495.

THE JERRY-BUILDER'S PARADISE SEE PAGES 22 AND 23

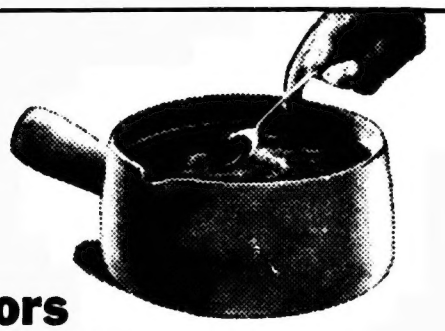
JOHN BULL

WATCH THE WEATHER

Don't let these sudden changes in the weather catch you unprepared. In such treacherous weather you most easily catch colds, chills and influenza. Start *now* to build up strength and resistance with Bovril.

And *go on* taking it regularly, at least once every day. Even while you are enjoying your first appetising cup of hot Bovril, you feel an immediate glow of warmth and well-being.

More important still, the strength and vitality you get from to-day's Bovril will be reinforced and multiplied by to-morrow's Bovril. And so you will build up a reserve of energy and health that is the safest defence against treacherous weather and infectious illnesses.



Doctors advise HOT Meals—

Hot food, says the Medical Profession, is of special value during treacherous weather, when infection is about. Add a teaspoonful or two of Bovril to all meat or savoury dishes. It not only improves the flavour but enables you to get the maximum benefit from *all* other food.

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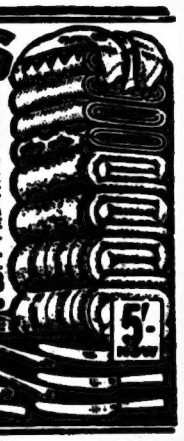

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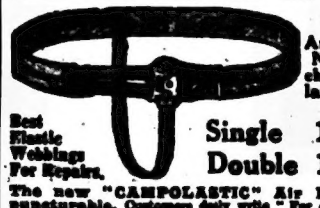

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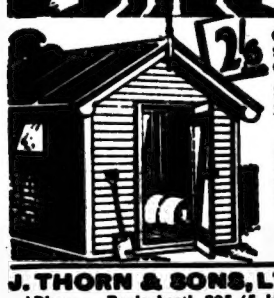

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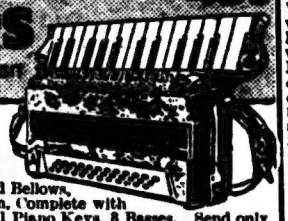

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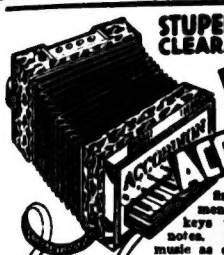

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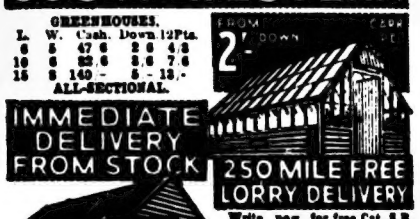

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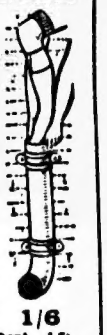

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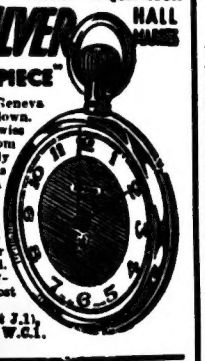

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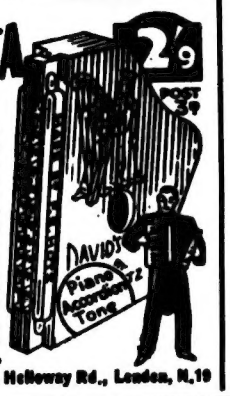

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In our illustration (reproduced from "My African Antic, or Almost An Entrée," by the Rev. J. Sylvester Whaddley) Mr. Whaddle is depicted in the presence of Obesiti—the Chief of the M'mumboj'jumbo tribe. The tribal cook is advocating the addition of Mr. Whaddle to the Royal luncheon-menu.

But in Mr. Whaddle's own graphic words: "Having surveyed my contours, Obesiti shuddered violently, ordered my name to be erased from the bill-of-fare and asked for a Kensitas."

One applauds the dusky potentate's good sense. A Kensitas can be enjoyed by anybody above the rank of babe-in-arms without danger of internal or international repercussions.

K.R.G. Browne

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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"The humble folk who have come to find justice are told they must try again another day."

Too Much POLICE COURT Jam

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

LAST week a little group of people waited wearily for hours in the entrance hall of a London police court. They were a woman applicant, her two children and three neighbours, who were appearing as witnesses. The case in which they were interested was expected to be heard that day.

A few minutes before five-thirty the woman was beckoned by the usher to come into the court. After a brief hearing by the magistrate, the case was adjourned for a week.

"Can't you hear it to-day?" the woman asked. "I have my witnesses here."

The magistrate was sorry. He would try his best to dispose of the case next time, but it was impossible that day. The woman said nothing. She was too tired and too dispirited to protest.

Already her search for justice through the police court had cost her several hard-earned pounds. This was the third adjournment since the case was opened. Each time two of her witnesses had had to be compensated for loss of earnings. There were other expenses to meet.

The woman is one of many victims of the chaotic congestion in the police courts of our big cities, which constitutes a far greater scandal than the delays of litigation in the judges' courts, because it weighs most heavily on the poorest section of the community.

Sometimes the cases which are adjourned involve little in the way of expense, and there is no hardship beyond the inconvenience to those concerned. More often they involve a cruel strain on the financial resources of the principals.

As a rule, the stipendiary magistrates, at least, strive to prevent repeated adjournments of cases in which costs are likely to be a burden on the parties. But the circumstances which force these delays are frequently beyond their control.

WE hardly need point out that modern legislation, much of it pettifogging, has multiplied the number of offences dealt with in the police courts. Motoring charges alone reach an enormous annual total. The magistrates of England and Wales had to hear over 231,000 police prosecutions against owners and drivers during 1933, the last year of which complete figures are available.

The London area had 54,000, Manchester 12,000, Liverpool 7,000, Birmingham 7,500. It is not uncommon for a London magistrate to have forty to seventy motoring cases brought before him in one day, in addition to the usual stream of charges for begging, drunkenness, theft, loitering and the rest.

The majority of motoring offences are dealt with speedily, for the defendants have pleaded guilty, and the evidence of the police witnesses only is taken. But defended cases, even on the most ordinary charges such as ignoring traffic signals or "failure to prevent emission of avoidable smoke," may drag on interminably.

Recently a charge against a woman motorist who drove a couple of yards over the line at a traffic stop and bent the mudguard of a stationary cycle, wasted two hours of a magistrate's time.

Until the police motoring prosecutions are disposed of, cases brought by ordinary members of the public must wait. These include applications for separation, maintenance, desertion, affiliation, and the hundred and one disputes, sometimes serious, sometimes trivial, in which the poor people in the back streets become involved.

Few of the cases are of much public interest in themselves, but the majority are of tremendous moment to the parties concerned. The latter will be advised to attend court on a certain day, and to bring their witnesses with them.

They arrive, possibly in the morning. A batch of motoring and other police charges are heard first. The day drags on, and the court finally rises without having reached the end of the motoring list.

The humble folk who have come there to find justice are told that they must try again another day. That means a heavy addition to their total bill of expenses. There may be half-a-dozen witnesses on one side alone, some of whom lose a day's work every time they appear at the court.

Sometimes solicitors are engaged. The parties may find themselves several pounds out of pocket through one or two adjournments, and their case has got no further than a formal opening.

Most pathetic of all the victims of police court overcrowding are the girls applying for affiliation orders. Almost invariably the calling of witnesses is vital to the proving of their claim. Because of the usually protracted nature of these hearings, magistrates naturally put them at the end of their day's list

A woman solicitor acting for one of these unfortunate girls protested strongly in one of the London police courts not long ago against repeated adjournments of her client's case. As it happened, a charitable association was meeting the costs of the action, which ultimately amounted to £12.

Had there been no such assistance for the girl, she would almost certainly have lost her case through inability to bring witnesses time after time to the court.

SO with a large number of parties in other types of cases whom the police courts exist to serve. Frequently, after a case has been opened, the applicant will fail to put in an appearance at the adjourned hearing, through lack of means to attend.

It may be asked why magistrates do not hear these cases before they turn their attention to the motorists and others who can better afford to wait.

The trouble is that it is a custom of the courts to give police prosecutions precedence over all other business.

The idea, a sound one, is that police witnesses should not be kept from their ordinary duties longer than is absolutely necessary. Obviously, it would be absurd to detain thirty or forty officers in a police court for several hours while a magistrate was unravelling a tangle of evidence in a dispute between neighbours.

Ultimately, the setting up of domestic courts will solve the problem of police-court congestion, but these may be a long time in coming.

Meanwhile, there is a way out of the difficulty—there should be set aside at all police courts at least one day a week, or two afternoons, when private cases will have precedence over police prosecutions.

Already a few magistrates have adopted this course, and they do not object to an occasional late sitting if this is necessary to end a hearing and so avoid the hardship of adjournment.

We say there is no excuse for other Benches, in courts where congestion has become a serious problem, to fail to follow this enlightened lead.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The King's Jubilee: A Warning to the Public

Girl Slaves of the Machine

Heartless Legal Quibble

The rogue and swindler expect to reap a fine harvest from a public with its attention concentrated on the King's Jubilee

DURING the next few weeks we can expect that the exploitation of the King's Silver Jubilee will begin in earnest. Impudent frauds of many types are in preparation by the swindling fraternity, and one in particular may prove very costly to the public unless they give heed to this warning.

It is such a simple one that its promoters have every reason to expect big profits. Moreover, they believe they will be immune from police prosecution.

The King's portrait

Let us expose their plan.

Advertisements will shortly appear in the Press offering "A beautiful steel engraving of H.M. the King, in uniform, suitably mounted, 1s. 6d. post free."

That may seem reasonable enough, but anyone who sends the one-and-sixpence will merely receive a postage stamp of the King's head stuck on a piece of card!

Halfpenny stamp dodge

At the top of the card in this inscription: "In Commemoration of the King's Jubilee"; below the stamp is printed: "King George V. 1910-1935."

We have a copy of the stamp before us. It is a Southern Rhodesian halfpenny issue, and, true enough, portrays the King in full naval uniform.

We understand that the tricksters have already imported a thousand pounds' worth of these stamps into Britain, chiefly by air mail, in order that their operations may be started with as little delay as possible.

Large quantities of a twopenny black issue (the halfpenny variety is coloured green) are also being stored in the swindlers' offices.

An old, old game

Our readers will understand why these tricksters hope to evade prosecution. One-and-sixpence may be an exorbitant price for a stamp that is sold at a halfpenny, but all the newspaper advertisements will guarantee is "a steel engraving of the King," and no size will be mentioned.

Actually, this dodge is by no means new. It was practised at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee!

Where the police lag

We hope, however, that this exposure will prevent the tricksters from disposing of their half-million "engravings" to the patriotic public at immense profit.

We also hope that the police, even if powerless against these rogues, will keep a watchful eye on other rogues who are preparing more flagrant frauds for the Jubilee. They must be aware, quite as much as JOHN BULL, that confidence tricksters from all parts of Britain and the Colonies are flocking to London in expectation of a rich haul during the next few months. But their preparations for these unwelcome visitors leave much to be desired.

Out of date

The present photographic list of confidence tricksters that is issued to the police is absurdly out of date. It was, in fact, compiled at the time of the Wembley Exhibition.

We don't doubt that the specially experienced detectives who comprise Scotland Yard's "confidence squad" have no need of this list, but other police officers can hardly be expected to recognise at sight those criminals who have entered the ranks of the confidence men since the list was drawn up.

We therefore recommend that the authorities revise it at once. And we advise all our readers to be extremely wary when asked to subscribe to "Jubilee Memorial Funds" or buy Jubilee souvenirs.

M.P.s who kick

Mr. Churchill has been told to still his wagging tongue or risk losing his constituency, so annoyed are Epping Conservatives at his opposition to the official India policy.

We don't think any such warning will be given to those Conservative M.P.s who have rebelled against the Means Test. If it is, they should ignore it.

Not only Ministers, but most people in prosperous London are ignorant of the bitterness which the new unemployment regulations have aroused in the poorer areas, and the Government can learn a lot from some of their back-bench supporters.

Writing on the wall

It has already learned enough to make a few concessions. It should make a lot more.

Otherwise the revolt of a few M.P.s will develop into a country-wide revolt before the next election.

Machine slaves

Ministers should also note the terrible working conditions of women which Miss Luker, of the Metal Workers' Union, is exposing.

Twelve shillings for a fifty-five-hour week, in which time a pair of shoes is worn out by acid; women getting 15s. for a full week on a capstan lathe.

Surely such appalling facts call for official action?

Back to the land

We have grave doubts about the settling of unemployed miners and their families on the land at Potton, in Bedfordshire.

For there, the other day, a market gardener was glad to sell a lorry-load of carrots at 18s. a ton. Another man, failing to sell his cabbages in London, had to return home and sell them for use as manure. Yet another ploughed six acres of lettuce back into the ground.

It seems impossible for a new market to be found for the ex-miner settlers.

Little hope

How can they hope, then, to succeed where experienced small[illegible] have failed. The very farm on [illegible]

gested to settle the first batch of forty men from the distressed areas was originally held by a skilled man who could not make it pay.

We should be delighted to see the settlers overcome the difficulties, but we fear those difficulties may prove insuperable.

Heartless quibble

What we regard as a quibble has robbed a Yorkshire miner, Mr. Lockwood Parker, of the compensation to which he was morally entitled.

While working in the pit last September, a fragment of coal struck him in the eye. Thinking the accident trivial, he didn't report it, but later had to see a doctor. Within a couple of weeks he was ordered to hospital, and then reported the affair to the colliery office, only to be accused of neglect because of his delay in giving notice.

Two operations

He has had two operations on the eye, is still an out-patient, and will probably never be able to use the eye again.

Yet, because he failed to report the injury immediately, the Huddersfield county court judge has just decided that he is not entitled to compensation.

There is only one word for that—shameful.

No one to blame

As for the whirling shafting that caught little Brenda Minshull, had it been in a factory, the law would have insisted on its being fenced off.

But because it was in the open air, on a farm near Chester, nobody was to blame when it crushed her to death.

All dangerous machinery should be properly protected. It is wicked nonsense to insist on a roof over it before it can be brought within the Factory Acts.

"Diddlums"

We are not sorry that Lord Trenchard has opened hostilities against a costlier craze—the slot machine gambling in clubs and cafés.

We haven't much sympathy for the London women who have lost as much as £75 in three weeks, but we do sympathise with their poorer sisters whose husbands fritter away the housekeeping money on the machines.

Confiscated

Since our attack on this form of gambling, the police not only in London but in some provincial towns have been considering the situation, and a report may soon be made to the Home Office asking for a country-wide campaign.

It must be considered significant that London magistrates have just ordered £500 worth of these machines to be destroyed.

Why not? Since we prohibit pitch-and-toss, there seems no reason why we should not curb this new evil.

The Fragrant Minute.

ON TOP

WHEN something irritates us, and we're sure that someone hates us, the time has come, my friend, to smile and say, "Nothing shall upset me, if only you will let me, I'll prove that I'm on top of things to-day."

It's a feeling worth a million, or a billion or a trillion, to feel "on top" no matter what takes place. Though baby may be naughty, or husband stern and haughty, one needn't lose a whit of peace or grace.

'Tis a spring of hidden pow'r, lasting longer than the hour, to be "on top" of all the things that irk. In the office or the home, in London or in Rome, let's be above life's worries and its murk.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Farewell to homework

We should like to see every education authority in the land follow the example of Glasgow, where home lessons are being abolished for elementary school-children.

We say again that study out of school hours is an unhealthy tax on the tired minds of youngsters, as well as an unfair encroachment on their hours of recreation.

Let's scrap it everywhere!

Instant dismissal

But let no other town imitate the latest decree of Sheffield's chiefs.

They have dismissed without notice three women doctors who have been part-time workers at the maternity centre from seven to fifteen years, and whose conduct has not been called into question.

According to a member of the health committee, "There is nothing illegal in the instant dismissal of part-time workers." Possibly not, but there is an astonishing lack of courtesy.

Doddering justice

We'd even give decent notice to our aged and decrepit magistrates if only we could get rid of them. Anyway, we wish the best of luck to the Northumberland county councillor who is trying to get some of the dear old gentlemen removed from local Benches.

He suggests that their places might be taken by travelling stipendiaries, and there's something in the idea.

But we emphatically disagree with his further proposal that these wandering magistrates should be accompanied by a prosecuting solicitor. The scales of justice are already overweighted against the man in the dock.

Self-convicted

As for the legal kidnapping of children for mental schools, Officialdom has just made its most damaging admission.

A man was summoned at Worksop for failing to send his daughter to a special school. He asked the county attendance officer if there was any difference between backwardness and feeblemindedness.

"No—no difference in the county council definition!" declared the officer.

Well, either the great men who were backward at school were really feeble-minded or our present county councils have something wrong with their own minds. Which is it?

More milk muddles

The milk muddle still calls for the attention of Mr. Walter Elliot.

While we read of farmers in some parts of the country having to pour surplus milk down the drain, Hereford authorities are complaining that they can't get milk for the schools even in that agricultural county!

Elsewhere, milk is obtainable, but the children are too poor to afford it.

So that very busy man, Mr. Elliot, should work a little more overtime.

Caged—a big bad wolf

Wherever George Albert Andrews started business creditors suffered; and in the last five years they must have lost many thousands of pounds.

We have unmasked his swindling exploits on many occasions; in November, 1933, we called him "the Big Bad Business Wolf."

Now, at long last, he has got his deserts—being sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude.

by a PUBLIC ASSISTANCE OFFICER:

Should SONS keep PARENTS?

If affection is not strong enough to prompt the son willingly to help his parents, there is a law which will force his hand

AS an officer of one of the largest public assistance authorities in Britain, I had to attend before the Revenue Judge at the Royal Courts of Justice a few days ago. The case in which I was interested was preceded by one involving an appeal against an income-tax decision of the Special Commissioners of Inland Revenue, to which I listened.

Counsel for the appellant paused in his address to whisper a question to his instructing solicitor, who, in turn, consulted his client.

I identified this man at a glance, and for some moments I was petrified with astonishment. To-day he was, through costly lawyers, contesting a claim by the State which gave an index to the size of his substantial income; five days before he had been in my office challenging and refusing to meet a demand of 7s. 6d. per week for the repayment of public relief which had been granted to his aged and destitute parents.

The man is a manufacturer, still in his early forties, and his yearly income cannot be less than £3,000. His father had been a transport worker who probably never earned more than £2 a week in his life, but who had denied himself any margin of comfort left to him by providing this son with a higher education and an apprenticeship in industry.

Now the father, disabled by a street accident, and the mother, practically a permanent invalid, live in a single room of a tenement in a Northern city. The plight of the old couple became so bad some months ago that they were driven to apply for public assistance, which was readily granted.

I came into the matter because the local authority paying the relief became aware of the son's existence and position, and, as he lives in my administrative area, they sent on to me a routine request to recover from him the money which had been paid for his parents' sustenance.

When he came to my office in response to a letter, the man made no effort to conceal his intentions. He said right away that he would refuse to pay. I ventured to appeal to him in the name of common humanity, and hinted that it was unbecoming his station and means that he should have allowed his parents to acquire what many regard as "the taint of pauperism."

☆ ★ ☆

HE brushed these remarks aside, saying that they were irrelevant and beside the point. The point, as he saw it, was that it should be the responsibility of the community to maintain its old and impoverished citizens without recourse to members of any family which those citizens have bred and reared.

Three things I would like to make clear about this well-to-do man's arguments—he was unquestionably as sincere as he was emphatic, his views were not inspired by any political allegiance or bias, and he expressed them quite impersonally without particular reference to his own parents.

I could only point out to him that it is the law of the land, be that law good or bad, that it is incumbent upon the child of any marriage who can afford to do so to maintain his or her parents if they should become destitute through physical incapacity or inability to work.

As I surmised from his education and experience, he was well aware that this is the law. But he left my office with a final intimation that he was a "stickler for principle," and would resist to the end any attempt to make him repay the ratepayers' money expended on his parents.

Unfortunately for him, I also have to be a stickler for principles. The papers in the case with my report are now with the legal department of the local authority. He will be proceeded against in the courts and, if he continues to be obstinate, an order for his committal to prison will certainly be sought.

Many, probably most people, will sum up a £3,000-a-year man who refuses to support his poor parents as a callous cad, bereft of ordinary instincts. I am not concerned, however, with the purely domestic aspect of such a case. In dealing with its wider implications, I would dismiss completely from my mind the actual size of his income, and would retain the impression that he is totally sincere in his convictions.

☆ ★ ☆

THE case, indeed, is exceptional only in so far as his means are larger than those of the usual class of individuals who, in similar circumstances, come under the notice of clerks and relieving officers of Public Assistance Committees.

The nature of his objections and defence is the interesting and material consideration, because his views are now so prevalent that they have become the every-day experience of every officer of the poor-law administration. They are encountered commonly and in ever-increasing volume in all grades of society.

The theory that the State—represented in these cases by the local authority—should be wholly responsible for the maintenance of all its aged, infirm and unemployable citizens, irrespective of the position of their sons and daughters, began to gain ground with the passing of the Old Age Pensions Act, which, incidentally, removed an immense burden from the shoulders of hundreds of thousands of people who would otherwise have had to provide for parents.

Later pieces of legislation, such as the Widows Pensions Act, have strengthened the idea until now, among very large sections of the community, the Dickensian sentiment that there was indignity, stigma and shame in members of a family becoming dependent on public funds has completely disappeared. People in need no longer seek relief with the hesitation, secrecy and abjectness of twenty years ago, nor do their nearest relatives make the effort that was once expected of them to shield their kith-and-kin from pauperism.

I mention these facts solely for their value as a record of what is happening, and without any intention to judge their social, moral or legal implications.

This conception of the responsibilities of the community is, so far, peculiar to Britain when compared with the rest of Europe, possibly because our standards of social legislation have been set much higher.

In every country on the Continent the people still retain enough of the Oriental creed of "ancestor worship" to feel that it would be a disgrace to the family honour if their parents were allowed to become a charge upon the State. The new view in Britain is, of course, most pronounced among the post-war generation.

☆ ★ ☆

IT is now the daily experience of every relieving officer in this country to find that when young men and women come before him they are genuinely astonished to learn that it is their legal duty to contribute towards their parents' maintenance. They have honestly believed that any such help was a purely voluntary matter, and that, if they withheld it, there was no liability upon them to refund public relief.

Actually the law is much more comprehensive in defining family duties than is generally supposed. Filial obligations are only a small part of it. The following extract from the Poor Law Act, 1930, is worth careful reading:—

It shall be the duty of the father, grandfather, mother, grandmother, husband or child of a poor, old, blind, lame or impotent person, or any other poor person not able to work, if possessed of sufficient means, to relieve and maintain that person.

There is no ambiguity there. Grandparents are even made liable for the succour not only of their own sons and daughters, but also of their grandchildren, and this, indeed, has been common practice since the operation of the unemployment relief Means Tests, although I do not seek to justify it. The only exemptions, it will be observed, are sisters and brothers towards each other and sons-in-law towards their wives' parents.

It does seem illogical, however, that a grandfather or grandmother should be called upon to support grandchildren, while young men and women have no similar responsibility towards their grandparents.

☆ ★ ☆

WHEN a son is persuaded that it is his duty to maintain his parents, a real difficulty nowadays presents itself to the local authority when it comes to assess his ability to pay. It is then discovered in a great percentage of cases that he has embarked on marriage without any capital, and that any margin of income left after providing for his own family is mortgaged already by hire-purchase commitments.

It may be the mode of life of the present generation that has cultivated the intense and widespread belief among them that the taxpayers and ratepayers should keep their aged or infirm parents. With the merits of and the reasons for that belief I am not concerned. My job is to disabuse their minds of the idea.

Greatest Swindle

THEY are still arriving regularly at country houses in Britain, those thin, foreign paper envelopes, containing letters in straggling, unsteady handwriting which are the preliminaries to the greatest swindle in the world.

A few days ago JOHN BULL received a communication from a firm of solicitors in a Midland town, enclosing a complete series of these extraordinary documents.

"My clients," wrote the solicitors, "sent the cable which is asked for in the first letter, as they considered that if a relative was in distress they should help him. When they consulted me I advised them that, in my opinion, the matter was a swindle."

We can most thoroughly endorse that opinion. For the documents about which an honest, kind-hearted English farmer went to his solicitor make up a clever revised version of the famous "Spanish Prisoner" fraud.

This swindle is exceptional in its persistency and also in its success. It is the centenarian parent of all confidence tricks. Its victims have been gathered in every part of the world.

Without question, hundreds of thousands of pounds have been lost in providing assistance (with the hope of suitable monetary reward) for the mythical prisoner, lying sick unto death, in some Spanish jail.

And each year the "Spanish Prisoner" thrives, with modifications adapted to changing events and time. The various syndicates, operating this fascinating, romantic device of roguery, never fail to harvest big revenue.

Actually, the "Spanish Prisoner" is a carefully organised and powerful industry in swindling. It is unique in its age and its unfailing appeal to the unwary.

Ordinary warnings appear to make no difference. The foolish still fall for the bait and are caught.

Wellington did it!

Therefore, we propose to place on public record for the first time the amazing history of the "Spanish Prisoner" racket and reveal some of the secrets of the scoundrels who grow rich on the proceeds of it.

When the prisoner scheme really began it is impossible to say, but it certainly dates back at least one hundred and twenty years.

Just after the Peninsular War the "prisoner" became known to a limited extent in this country. He was an outcrop of the Duke of Wellington's famous campaign which drove Napoleon's armies out of Spain.

Somewhere about 1815, despatches were received by people in this country, telling a remarkable story. They purported to be from a Spanish officer who had been attached to a British regiment as interpreter.

Now the Spaniard was in trouble. He had been thrown into prison for a military offence, of which he was innocent, and badly needed assistance and money.

For this reason his great friend during the war was an English officer, who unfortunately had since been killed.

Together the Englishman and the Spaniard had secured during the campaign a treasure of fabulous worth, and had hidden it for safety until an opportunity should come for a fair division of the spoils when the war was over.

Imprisonment in the case of the Spaniard, and the death of the Englishman, had prevented the execution of the plan.

If money was brought from England, sufficient to bribe his guards, then the Spaniard could escape, go to the treasure hiding place and hand over a substantial part of the hoard to his English benefactors.

An explanation was given as to why the Spaniard had communicated with England. His dead English comrade had mentioned the name and address of his great friends at home, and it was to them that the Spanish officer applied in his great distress for help to gain freedom and fortune.

Mythical prisoner

During the time that George the Third was King in England was the genesis of the "Spanish Prisoner" so far as this country is concerned.

Of course, the hidden treasure story may originally have had some foundation in fact, but at all events the "prisoner" was a myth. And he has remained so for more than a century.

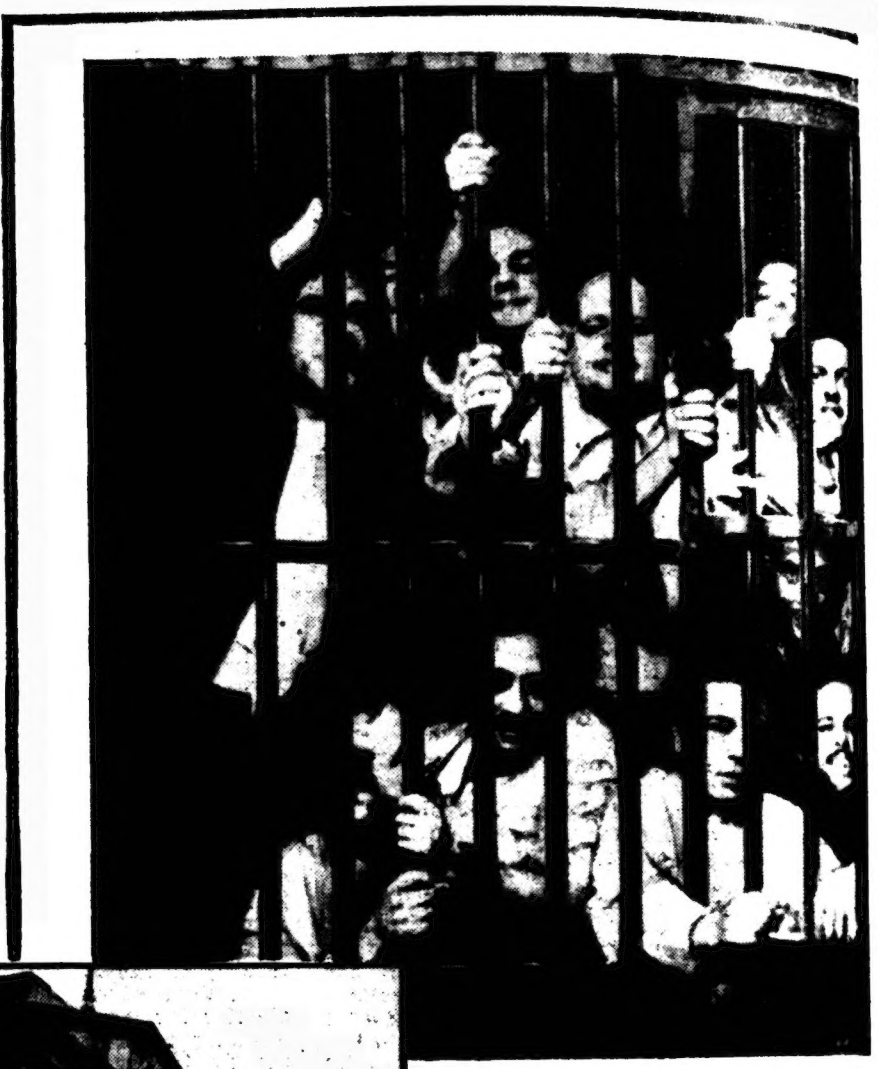
During the reigns of six English sovereigns the fraud has been practised. Whole families in Spain have lived for generations out of the spoils of the fiction, which—modernised as occasion warrants—has become a regular, dishonest profession.

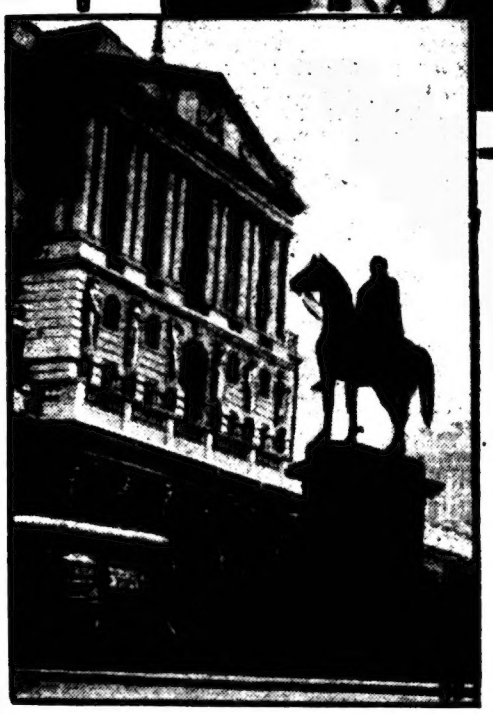
Some years ago a Spaniard by the name of Lucca Gomez, coming from Barcelona, was arrested by the French police at Bordeaux under suspicion of being concerned in the swindle.

He admitted, under examination, that he had carried on some form or other of the "Prisoner" trick for thirty years, that his father did the same before him and his grandfather before that.

This rascal was transported across the frontier to be dealt with by the Spanish authorities.

At the present time there is an elderly Spaniard living in comfortable retirement with a luxury villa at the fashionable resort of San Sebastian, two cars and a yacht, who is reputed to have made a big fortune as a promoter of the swindle.





The Bank of England is bursting with deposits of the unlucky prisoners—so you'd believe if you listened with a credulous ear to all the stories from Spain

England is only one of the countries in which the fraud is regularly worked. Actually, the "Prisoner" syndicates gain most of their money from France. They operate also in Germany, Holland, and extensively in the United States.

In 1933 a crook named Jose Lopez was detained by Paris detectives because of the suspicious circumstances in which he had deposited a trunk, supposed to contain valuables, at the safe deposit of a French bank. When searched, letters relating to the "Spanish Prisoner" in four different languages were found upon him.

While the "Spanish Prisoner" is always with us, in some form, a big compaign on his behalf invariably follows any political change, or violent industrial trouble, in Spain.

When King Alfonso was dethroned and the Republic came into being there was tremendous energy on the part of the syndicates.

Monarchist prisoners, thrown into jail because of their loyal and devoted activities for the ex-King, circularised with pathetic, heart-breaking prison letters thousands of their supposed family connections in the other countries of Europe.

Probably the first year of the Republic brought the syndicates the richest return in the history of the great swindle. Their earnings ran into huge sums of money. England, Scotland and Northern Ireland were then the chief hunting grounds.

A "Colonel Enrique Mendoza," writing from his prison cell in Valencia, discovered distant relatives of his "sainted mother" all over Britain. They were in Sussex, Essex, Somerset, at Dundee, Belfast and Dundalk.

This mythical colonel was really one of the best of all the "Prisoners"; an artist of the first degree, and his story was beautifully circumstantial.

He had followed his king into exile, and his name was indicted as a public enemy of the Republic. He had been forced, in his haste to escape, to leave behind him his wife and his only daughter. "Mary, named after my sainted mother, your relative, who frequently in my boyhood days mentioned with respect and affection the name of your family to me."

Poor Mary!

Living alone for a time in Paris, the colonel learned of the sudden death of his wife, and that his daughter was alone and friendless. At once, he hastened back to Spain, under an assumed name, to assist the girl.

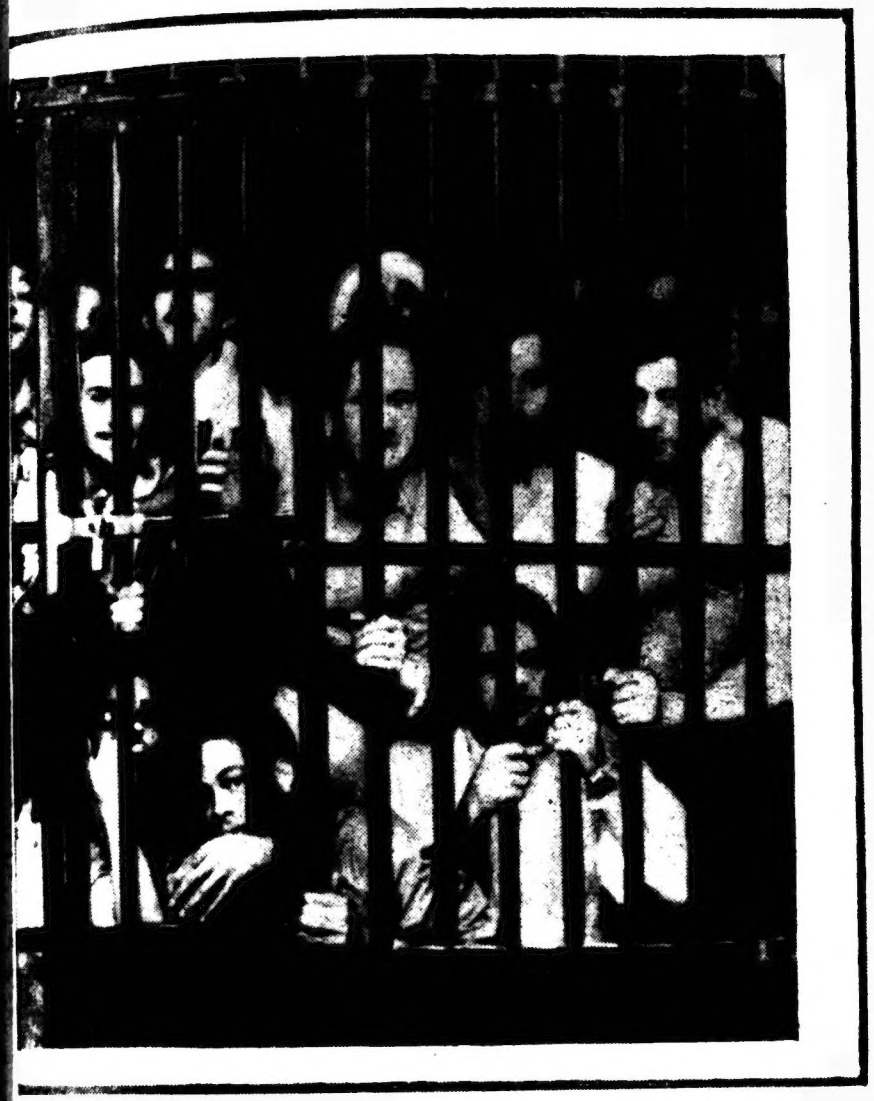
His first duty, on his return, was to visit the grave of his beloved wife, and there—standing in sorrow and in prayer—he had been arrested, denounced by a man whom he thought was an ally.

Now, in prison, awaiting trial, he had been stricken with illness and the prison doctor held out faint hope of his recovery.

Even if he did get better, there was nothing before him but years as a prisoner.

But what was worrying him more than anything was the fate of his

in the WORLD



If every prison in Spain were as crammed as this one there still wouldn't be room for all the wealthy prisoners supposed to be languishing there in miserable confinement

daughter Mary. He wanted to know that she was safely away from Spain and in England, under the care of people who would see that she was brought up in the style to which she was accustomed.

Ample funds were available for that purpose, but unfortunately he could not touch them, owing to his imprisonment. They amounted to no less than £30,000 and had been deposited with the Bank of England in London, "the safest city of the world."

£5,000 for you

So in his distress he appealed to his relative. Would the relative come to Spain, bringing with him at least £150 for various immediate expenses and take the daughter to England and arrange for her suitable settlement.

In return for that service the colonel would give the relative the authorisation to draw the £30,000. Of that amount the relative would perhaps accept £5,000 in recompense for his great service, and the balance could be invested in trust for the daughter. If the relative was unable to make the journey to Valencia, would he please send the money to a priest in the town, who was completely trustworthy, and he would arrange to conduct the daughter to England, hand her over to the relative and, at the same time, pass over a letter from the colonel instructing the bank to pay out the £30,000.

And the colonel would be eternally grateful.

It seems hardly credible that people could be found simple enough to believe that compilation of nonsense. Yet scores of English people were defrauded by "Col. Enrique Mendoza."

Lately the "Spanish Prisoner" has made use of the political upheaval in the summer of last year to account for his troubles and detention. He has been wrongfully arrested for alleged political activities, and again he fears for his daughter, who has become either "little Eva" or "Anna."

The headquarters of the present intensive swindle is at Villareal, a town of 16,000 inhabitants in the southern Province of Castellon. Orange growing is the principal occupation of Villareal, but the "Prisoner" industry is running it a good second.

There are two main versions of the fraud. One comprises the essentials of the dying prisoner, the young daughter soon to be an orphan without protection, and the money left in a bank at London, Paris, Amsterdam, or Frankfort.

The second is on simpler lines. In this the "Prisoner" is in jail for an offence against the bankruptcy laws, and his personal belongings have been seized by order of the court.

Really he is in no sense a bankrupt, because he has—left at the luggage office of some railway station—a box containing a large number of either English, French or Swiss banknotes.

Because he is in prison, he cannot withdraw that money box. Will the relative, therefore, come to Spain and provide the money for the defence at his trial and the court expenses and receive in exchange the official ticket which will entitle him to withdraw the box and all the money, then he can take an agreed sum as reward for his trouble and expense, and hold the remainder until the prisoner is released?

In France, this cloakroom version has been amazingly successful. It was stated, not long ago, that no fewer than 200 people had called in one year to claim the "Spanish Prisoner's" box at the main railway station at Lyons.

As each of these people, according to police enquiries, had paid over a minimum of £300 in Spain for the right to withdraw the imaginary box, the one year's proceeds of that particular swindle must have totalled at least £60,000.

Juicy bait

No wonder the "Spanish Prisoner" flourishes more fruitfully than the green bay tree! Infinite pains are taken by the rogues behind the scenes to make the stories they spin by letter apparently true.

Should the recipient of a preliminary letter venture to reply, carefully forged documents are used in the "follow up" correspondence.

These include an imposingly sealed and stamped parchment, alleged to be the official copy of the sentence of the court. Also a stamped and certified schedule of the belongings of the prisoner, held by the court, which can only be released on payment of the cost of the trial, amounting to about £130.

The belongings usually include a gold watch and chain, a pendant with diamonds, a gold bracelet with diamonds, a pearl and diamond scarf-pin, and gold rings set with diamonds. These have been privately valued at £500, and on payment will become the property of the relative, in addition to what he is promised from the other deposited treasure in bank or railway station.

So the bait is juicily covered, and the hope of reward for a befriending act is excellent—on paper.

If when the "dying prisoner" is the correspondent, and eventually dies, the correspondence is taken over by the "priest" who was with him at the end and writes on "presbitery" paper.

He forwards to the intended dupe an apparently authentic death certificate.

Police investigations show that there are at least four main syndicates who live entirely, and live well, on the regular proceeds of the "prisoner" fraud. Their headquarters are at Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid, with a fourth in the north of Spain.

The syndicates' agents in different countries supply their principals with lists of names of people considered to be likely dupes. The names are usually taken from the records of shareholders and from charity circulation rolls.

Old Spanish Custom

People selected for the attention of the swindlers are normally in comfortable circumstances, living in the country or in small towns. They are cunningly "hand picked" by the agents, who know from their experience the kind of person most likely to fall for the swindle.

In Spain an assortment of confederates are employed, writers who correspond in various languages, printers who fake the official-looking documents, and prison guards who secure samples of official prison paper which can be copied exactly.

Really, the "Prisoner" is the safest form of frauds. His victims live at a distance. If they should be lured to Spain, then they never meet the principals, but only intermediaries who disappear after a satisfactory coup. It is almost impossible to secure a conviction against a principal.

A curious thing is that this easy confidence trick has never been adopted anywhere else than in Spain. There has never been a "British Prisoner" or a "French Prisoner." The swindle was bred in Spain, grew there to its present world-wide proportions, and remains purely Spanish—though it combs the world for its dupes.

And while there are ingenious rogues with facile pens and foolish, gullible folk who imagine that they see a chance of grasping a big prize, the fraud will continue.

It is one hundred and twenty years old and is still going strong.

The Human Machine

LEAVE IT UNSAID!

THERE is an old saying that there is no medicine to cure remorse. It is a very true saying. Men and women who can weigh their words and their deeds before loosing them on the world have learned one of life's most precious lessons.

There's nothing in the world easier than to flare up, say and do things we would give anything to recall—when it is too late.

Few people like good advice. Fewer still ever take it. But here's some—whether you like it or not. Just remember that it takes two to make a quarrel, and that quarrels are never worth while.

If you refuse to quarrel, nobody can quarrel with you. If you find you are about to be drawn into a quarrel—put your tongue between your teeth. Never allow yourself to be drawn into a slanging match.

All of us suffer wrongs—but we should not be so hasty as to assume that these wrongs are intentional. Most quarrels arise because we impute wrong motives to others.

And supposing you have suffered an intentional wrong? What good does it do to inflict a wrong in your turn? You may have gratified your desire to wound, but whether you think so or not, you have wounded yourself as well. You have lost self-respect and dignity and control.

Human relationships are always more easily broken than repaired; and although we are all a bit cruel at bottom, though we all have moments when we long to wound and hurt, it never pays to gratify those longings.

If it's hard, at first, to restrain your anger, you'll find that it quickly becomes a habit. And when it does become a habit you'll discover how irresistible friendship is. When people find they can't quarrel with you they'll always end by wanting to be friendly with you.

We're sometimes apt to forget that human relationships won't look after themselves. They have to be cultivated like delicate plants. If they're not, like these plants, they wither and die.

Many thousands of prams and their passengers—not forgetting the pets—know their way to Boots. Boots displays delight every child, and mother knows that behind those fascinating counters and those mysterious dispensaries is a huge laboratory testing and re-testing for freshness and purity . . . No mother can bear to think of anything but the very best for her child — and the nice thing about Boots is that the very best is so very reasonably priced. That is only one advantage of a great organization efficiently planned for the service of every individual member of the community.

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CVS—52

You've Done a Big Job

Hannen Swaffer's
Open Letter to
GODFREY TEARLE

MY DEAR GODFREY,—I must congratulate you, on behalf of all my readers, on the fact that British Actors' Equity has won its first big fight, not in any boastful or brutal way, but after such a diplomatic intervention of the Ministry of Labour that both actors and managers, not embittered in any sense, nor enemies, can now settle down to the great job of cleaning up the English theatre.

The row over Drury Lane—the argument as to whether the managers could choose what artists they liked, or whether the actors could insist that all the actors and actresses employed should have lined up with their fellows—was conducted without any ill-feeling. The number of hard words used was so small that it did not matter.

Now you, as President of Equity, emerged as a splendid specimen of your type. You risked a lot when, in the early days, you accepted the presidency of a trade union fighting for recognition. You, a highly paid actor, moved in the world of management. You had been actor-manager yourself. Yet you rushed, as did Sybil Thorndike, Leslie Henson, Marie Burke, Lewis Casson—these are only a few of scores—into the battle for human rights.

* * *

Years before Fisher White, Dame May Whitty and others had tried to make the Actors' Association do the work that Equity has now done. Alfred Lugg, the secretary, regarded as a firebrand, was let down by the actors. They did not pay up. They quarrelled.

Sydney Valentine died in the hour of obtaining for actors the Valentine Contract. But, as the actors split up among themselves, most of the managers failed to keep their promises. Things went from bad to worse. And then, as has so often happened before, highly paid people took on a job of demanding for others collectively the rights which they as individuals had already won.

I well remember how Equity began. Marie Burke, let down on tour in a company in which Joe Coyne, Geoffrey Gwyther and Vera Pearce were the other stars, came to me with her story. I published it. Then Marie addressed the first Equity meeting, at which I was asked to speak, *in order to get an audience.*

"Actors are tired of hearing actors talk about their woes," they said. It had been going on for so long, you see.

Marie Burke risked her all at that time.

Then I remember meeting after meeting. I spoke at the first four. The Stage Guild, a combination of actors and managers, was then the enemy. At last, however, William Devereux and Nicholas Hannen, two Stage Guild stalwarts, threw in their lot with Equity. You had become the president—the voice. And their love for their calling made them forget differences.

* * *

Yes, I can remember those meetings as though they happened yesterday. At one Leslie Henson made a brave speech.

Marie Burke had to read his speech because he had lost his voice. Then Ethel Barrymore, the great American actress, told how she had returned from a life of luxury to help lead the actors' strike on Broadway—and how the actors over there had won, for the stranded choruses, just as they would here.

I can remember Edith Evans coming out with a courageous protest.

Now you, Godfrey, have always refused to accept your due measure of thanks for what has been done. "I just happen to be the leader," is your attitude.

But then, "full of vanity," though they are said to be, all the stars who fought in the front line have refused to take the credit.

"I am one of the lucky ones," said Leslie Henson, the other day. "I have never had to struggle. I got a 12-years contract in the boom. I can see things impartially. I have never been bilked of a single Friday night's salary. But I know those who have. And think of the traders who have been robbed by bogus managers."

You, however, "went through it" in your youth. In the provinces, as you once told the gallery first-nighters, in a wonderful speech, made after you said you were no speaker, you told a story of a sordid beginning on tour, struggling, slaving.

Well, now that the actors have won complete recognition for their union, you, I know, will lead in the great job of extending to the provinces those improved conditions which the actors should soon obtain in London. It is a big job. I, who saw, in the old Actors' Association office, scores of letters from people who had been left stranded on tour, know more than most do of the big job before you. But you belong to a great profession.

We all remember Equity's victory over George Robey.

"I will not join a trade union," he said. "I hate unions."

So "The Jolly Roger," in which he was to be the great star, was held up until Robey had to evade Equity membership by becoming a part proprietor of the show.

The London newspapers in those days took his side. Now, in this last fight—the one with Drury Lane—they have been almost unitedly behind you. That is largely due to the statesmanlike way in which you, as president, have behaved.

Then you have always had the wonderful advice of Alfred M. Wall, secretary of the London Trades Council, whose knowledge of trade union law is encyclopædic, and whose tact has been extraordinary. For his work, he, like you, has drawn nothing.

Yes, working people who, all over the country, are trying to achieve better conditions for themselves, and for their fellows, look with pride on what your trade union has done in a few short months. Anti-Trade Unionists forget that it was built up on the sacrifice, yes, and the victimisation of thousands and thousands of unknown men and women.

But they, as a rule, were struggling for people in conditions like their own. You are one of scores of stars who in a moment of emergency forget their own interests and rushed to the rescue of the rank and file.

You have done a big job. The country is proud of you.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—If you are looking for an official to promote, you might find the writer of a very human note received by an eight-year-old girl.

When she opened a savings account her grandfather wrote to the Post Office, asking that a letter recommending thrift be sent to her. Well, no father ever penned a more delightful letter than the one she got.

It cost nothing. And the advertisement you received for nothing could never have been bought with money.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON,—Some form of madness has attacked the East Riding County Council, which is merging outdoor relief districts and proposing that one officer shall serve an area of 640 square miles!

Naturally, the people concerned are in a state of nervous indignation, and it's up to you to interfere quickly.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. WHITELAW, L.N.E.R.: You refuse to "waste" a moment on electrification, since dividends must be kept up. Surely you don't mean to say "Public can go hang so long as shareholders get their money"?—JOHN BULL.

Councillor E. H. BROOKS,
Mayor of Ealing

DEAR SIR,—Not a shred of sympathy was shown by the magistrates when an old lady, whose shop did not pay, appeared before them because of rates arrears. They committed her to prison for a month. Not until she had actually been taken to jail did you hear of the case, and you promptly secured her release. And the council, realising that she is penniless, has excused the arrears of rates.

Allow me to thank you.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor R. S. DALGLEISH,
Lord Mayor of Newcastle

MY LORD MAYOR,—I admire your pluck but not your wisdom in assuming the rôle of Cupid on behalf of a soldier in Palestine, who has asked you to find him a wife.

Too many poor boobs who can't find a wife unaided look upon the head of a city as a free matrimonial agency. If you encourage this belief you'll have to look out for trouble.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MAINWARING HUGHES,
Swansea

DEAR SIR,—Shouldn't the ratepayers know how their money is being spent? You not only think they should, but have dealt a shrewd blow at the hush-hush autocrats.

Following the refusal of the finance committee to reveal certain facts, and despite the town clerk's objections, you have insisted on your right as a councillor to inspect the corporation books.

I should like to see your example followed in many other towns.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM RAY, M.P.,
Hendon, Middlesex

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—As the former chief of the London County Council, you are annoyed to find the new council getting credit for good work. "We hear a lot about a Green Belt round London," you say. "I started that in 1930."

Maybe, but you only talked about it. Then there's the huge three-year plan for education which the Council has just announced—did you start that, too?

If these reforms lead you to declare that "London must be saved," I trust that London will be saved from your do-nothing policy for a long time!

JOHN BULL.

Miss R. J. JACOB,
Harrogate Women's College

DEAR HEAD,—You rejoice in the new interest taken by girls in sport as a reaction to the Eton crop and lipstick days.

But in spite of the Women's Cricket Association, you cannot imagine the Oval being crowded with women cricket-lovers watching their own sex playing Test matches, and neither can I.

Still, the Oval might be crowded with men.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR JOHNSON,
Burnham, Bucks

BRUTE,—All real boys get dirty, most of them dodge washing. But if all parents tried to cure them by belting them from head to foot nearly every day, as you did with your six-year-old son, we should be worse than a nation of savages.

Six weeks' hard labour should teach you that a scrubby circle on the neck of a boy is better than a battered body.

JOHN BULL.

HAROLD BROOKS,
Skegness

BULLY,—Sentenced to two months' hard labour for stealing 10s. from your mother, you left the dock muttering threats. But the Bench called your bluff, and you were called back to have your sentence increased by a month, the right penalty for a blusterer with a criminal record.

Many magistrates ignore a prisoner's threats; I am delighted to find that in Skegness a firmer policy prevails.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. WALLBUTTON,
Salford Probation Officer

DEAR SIR,—When it was suggested that a youthful delinquent would be improved by a good thrashing you offered the services of your athletic assistant and a pair of boxing gloves.

I am sorry the magistrate was unable to adjust the rules of the court to the rules of the ring.

Even those who object to corporal punishment might be converted to a form of chastisement more effective and less degrading than the birch.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. P. DEVIES, Preston: "Face powder may catch a man, but baking powder keeps him," you assert. But what if the pastry proves hard?—JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. PATERSON GRAHAM,
Portpatrick, Wigtown

REVEREND SIR,—You describe the home influences of Portpatrick's young people as "lax, pernicious and baneful," their dances and social evenings as "the hunting grounds of sluts," and most of the young fellows as "sensual vultures prying about for their next victim."

Either Portpatrick is a very wicked place or you have a very warped mind.

But tell me, how is your digestion?

JOHN BULL.

They have written a Book for you!

Jane and John, their family, and their friends, are so typical of the thousands of nice, homely people to whom The Drage Way has proved a real blessing, that we are delighted to introduce them to you.

Jane and John have expressed *their* gratitude to us in a charming way. They have written a Book which is not merely a tribute to Drages, but a most fascinating story of YOU—AND YOUR HOME. This unique Guide to Home Happiness is beautifully illustrated in colour. Every page and picture would delight you. It is offered to you Free of Charge. Please send for your copy *at once*.

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A Halo for HODGE

by A. G. GARDINER

In comparison with the townsman, the countryman has solid virtues, 10-1 in his favour.

AS something of "a country bumpkin" myself—for I was born and bred in the country, and live there every hour that I can steal from town—I am grateful to Professor A. W. Ashby for the halo he has just put on the brow of Hodge.

As Professor of Agricultural Economics in the University of Wales, Mr. Ashby may be assumed to know his client intimately, and in the pamphlet on the subject which he has written for the British Institute of Adult Education, he not only exalts the home of the country-bred folk, but puts the townsman severely in his place as an inferior article.

He finds the townsman mentally "feminised," unstable in taste and opinion and the slave of second-hand "knowledge." He is prone to a cheap cynicism, and though he prattles much he is superficial and shallow. His "attitude" has small relation to his behaviour. In short, he is a poseur and a hypocrite.

What he *does* say

By comparison with him, Hodge's practical experience of life makes him more stable and secure. He talks less, but what he says comes from himself and from first-hand experience and not from the tattle of the third-class carriage and the headlines of the newspapers. In the qualities of patience, endurance, capacity for sustained effort, and probably in austereness and sternness, the advantage, he says, lies with the countryman.

It may be that Professor Ashby paints Hodge's halo in too bright colours and is too scornful of the townsman. It is difficult to label great categories of people in neat parcels—knaves on this side, fools on that, and so on. It is possible to be wise though you live in a town, and it is possible to be a fool though you live in the country. Shakespeare, it is true, was a country bumpkin; but Milton was born just across the way from Bow Bells, and heard their music in his cradle.

And if it were true, as Professor Ashby seems to suggest, that the more we become urbanised the more enfeebled we shall be, it is an alarming outlook for this country. For nowhere else has the trek to the towns become such a stampede as here. Sixty or seventy years ago half of our population was country bred and in close contact with the soil. To-day eighty per cent. of us are herded in towns, chiefly in the great congested areas of population like London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

Townsman's sneer

Have we degenerated in the interval in the inverse proportion? I hope not, and, despite Professor Ashby, I think not.

But putting aside this larger consideration for the moment, Mr. Ashby is certainly right in his protest against the superior airs of the townsman towards the countryman. Hodge has been the butt of the town wits for centuries. If Congreve or Sheridan or even Goldsmith wanted a particularly silly ass to do the clowning business it was always a clod-hopper from the country, a yokel, a Bob Acres or a Tony Lumpkin, who was given the part.

And to-day if the London critic wants to heave a devastating brickbat at a writer of whom he does not approve, it is ten to one that he will call him a "provincial."

Yet take away the provincials—the Shaws and Wellses, and that ilk—from the intellectual life of London and that life would lose half its sparkle and energy. And most of those who are not country born have their roots in the country.

It is the blood of the country that replenishes the blood of the cities, and if that invigorating stream were cut off our urban life would perish. For it is at least as true to-day as it was in the eighteenth century that

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

In the comparison of the townsman with the countryman the showy and superficial qualities are on the side of the former; but the solid virtues are 10-1 countryman.

It must be so. He is nearer to the source of life, and his education is not from books and papers, but from experience.

I can talk far better than the man who does odd jobs for me in my garden; but in all the practical, immediate affairs he is a master and I am a ninny. If I were cast away on a desert island I would surely perish from sheer helplessness.

If he were cast away on a desert island he would live to a green old age in the midst of plenty.

A great life

The life of the average town dweller—occupied in fitting shoes on other people's feet, selling goods over a counter, totting up figures in somebody else's ledger, performing some monotonous function in a machine shop—is mean and trivial compared with the life of the fields.

Hodge lives in daily contact with the great elementary things of life—the seasons, the crops, the treatment of cattle, the flowers, the birds, the stars. He turns his hand to anything, from shearing a sheep to mending a fence, ploughing a field, mowing a meadow or reaping a harvest field. He is living a great, independent life compared with the life of the towns, and if he is slow in speech it is because talkativeness is not cultivated at the plough's tail.

Nor must we forget that Hodge to-day is not the same person as the Hodge of the past. Country life has undergone a revolution and the countryman is not the ignoramus about the affairs of the world that he is supposed to be.

He is not much of a newspaper reader, and I do not think he is the worse for that.

But the miracle of wireless has changed his life and brought him into the great current of things. It means far more to him than it does to the townsman.

It has brightened his evenings and opened his mind. I know villages in which it would be hard to find a cottage without its wireless pole and its wireless set, and where the evenings which used to be so dull float by on golden wings.

And the new mobility of life, too, is helping to make Hodge a new man. He can get about. And, still more, his wife can reach the shops to do her marketing and perhaps see the "pictures." There is a motor 'bus within reach of every farmstead, and the isolation of country life is a thing of the past.

Hats off!

With the passing of that isolation has developed a social side of village life, to which the Women's Institute movement has made a beneficent contribution. Village halls have sprung up in the last few years all over the countryside, and village dances and village whist drives make the life of the peasant more varied and entertaining.

And so hats off to Mr. Hodge—the new Mr. Hodge. May his tribe increase. And may the townsman learn to think more respectfully, even enviously, of him as the backbone of the country.

SNIFFS *and* SNACKS

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

THOUGH great are the wonders of wireless,
New treasures remain to be found
By scientists, patient and tireless;
For long they have given us sound,
And the time is now near
When those artists we hear
Will be seen—which in shocks may abound!

But marvels e'en then won't be finished,
For experts will shortly begin
To work, with a faith undiminished,
New radio triumphs to win;
We will smellevise yet,
Or acquire a new set
For the purpose of guzzling-in!

When television is followed by smellevision the B.B.C. will be catering for three of the five senses. And the chances of appealing to a fourth—tasting—are already hinted at; for, if the wireless waves are properly wangled, it may be possible to produce, so to speak, an "eat wave."

Lest you should think that a more or less respected contributor has allowed his think-tank to become overheated, let me refer you to Sir Ambrose Fleming, inventor of the thermionic valve and president of the Television Society, who states: "Perhaps one day we may be able to transmit not only sounds and sights, but even flavours or scents by wire or wireless."

So there you are! Though where you will be when (and if) these aids to bliss or boredom come to pass is, of course, another matter.

The idea of tuning in (or sniffing in) to Southend when we feel the need of ozone, or to Bagdad if we fain would whiff the East, may sound attractive. But there will undoubtedly be snags.

For one thing, life will become more complicated for radio "stars," who will have to be careful about what they eat and drink before facing the "mike" if they are not to offend the nostrils of sensitive sniffers-in.

And the moral overseers of Broadcasting House will have more complaints than ever to deal with when to protests about naughty words are added protests from parents that Uncle Ebeneezer had introduced into his Children's Hour broadcast a most undesirable odour of whisky. And on a Sunday, too!

* * *

As for the broadcasting of flavours, when one thinks of how tastes differ regarding wireless songs and jokes (real or imaginary), the imagination simply refuses to envisage a superman capable of taking on the job of chef to the B.B.C.

However he might strive to please radio palates, there would be protests to the effect that the mulligatawny sent forth during the Gourmets' Hour tasted of furniture polish, and that Tuesday night's sausages, as received by an owner of a crystal set, were quite uneatable.

It is not difficult to imagine a critical snacker-in of a few years hence writing to the Press in terms of dignified remonstrance:

> I really think the B.B.C.
> Should give us better fare
> Than we have had from it of late,
> For tasters-in have come to hate
> The food they get by air.
>
> The banquet at the Mansion House
> Last week was right enough:
> The turtle soup was well "received"—
> Though wireless gourmets felt aggrieved
> To find the chicken tough!
>
> But far too rare are broadcasts of
> This extra-special type;
> Instead, our wireless chefs believe—
> As in the days of "talks"—that we've
> An appetite for "tripe"!

JOHN BULL.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst

WE regret that the article in our issue of June 16, 1934, entitled "Miss Sylvia Pankhurst on 'Emancipated Eve'" may have been misunderstood. It was not intended to convey the impression that it was written by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst or that she knew of its proposed publication.

We desire to make it quite clear that the article, which was a skit, in no way represented Miss Pankhurst's views, that it was not written by her, and that she did not know it was to appear. It was, of course, never intended to impugn her sincerity.

We offer her our sincere apologies for the annoyance caused by the use of her name in the article.

WHATEVER THE PLEASURE

PLAYER'S

COMPLETE IT

The game progresses and the 'ivories' click merrily over the green cloth . . . 'break' following 'break' . . . skill matched with skill in friendly rivalry . . . every minute enjoyable, with another 'Player' in the intervals to round off your pleasure.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED 5 FOR 3D 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.2561J

Had to give up Housework—but

MORE IRON

soon made her strong!

Half the ills and pains that women suffer are due to the fact that their blood is IRON-STARVED. It is a condition to which women are particularly prone. Doctors say a woman's life is "*one long fight against iron-starvation.*"

Iron-starved blood is too poor to nourish your body properly. Every organ suffers, every physical function is impaired. You have "no life" in you. Headaches, fits of 'nerves' and indigestion make your life a misery

Pains went, health improved after taking IRON 'JELLOIDS'

The only remedy is to strengthen your blood with MORE IRON. The quickest, surest way to do this is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS.' Taken regularly with meals, IRON 'JELLOIDS' will make your blood rich, red and strong by giving it MORE IRON. Every organ and nerve in your body will be invigorated. You will eat well, sleep soundly, and be full of energy!

Iron 'Jelloids' do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion. The 3/- size lasts 36 days, the 1/3 size 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day!

Her Letter says:

"For nearly two years I was very ill with pains in the middle of my chest that went through to my back. I got very depressed. Seeing the advertisements of IRON 'JELLOIDS' I thought I would try them. After a course of them I FEEL MUCH BETTER AND THE PAIN HAS GONE. Before taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' I had to give up part of my housework, BUT NOW I AM ABLE TO DO IT MYSELF."
Mrs. W.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

FOR WOMEN: No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

STOP THAT COLD SAVE RISK OF 'FLU!

Neglect is dangerous. The mildest cold may turn to something worse, unless prevented at the start, by Galloway's Cough Syrup. This famous old London remedy is the safest, surest and speediest cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Bronchial troubles—equally effective for young and old alike. *Get a bottle to-day!*

GALLOWAY'S

COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores
Price 1/3 & 2/6 per bottle.
P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17

The Great London Remedy

Wronged Schoolgirl's AMAZING MARRIAGE

EXACTLY a year ago this week a twenty-three-year-old miner was sentenced at the Gloucester Assizes to two days' imprisonment for a serious offence against a schoolgirl seven months previously. The sentence, which caused much comment at the time far beyond Gloucester, was a purely nominal one and meant that the man was immediately released.

Soon afterwards a baby was born to the girl.

Mr. Justice Finlay, the judge at the trial, told the man that he had only adopted the course of allowing him to go unpunished because of representations regarding his good character made to him by influential people in the district who had suggested it was a case for clemency.

The Judge was also guided by a promise that the man would marry the girl when she became of legal age.

When that time comes, Mr. Justice Finlay will almost certainly find that his leniency was not misplaced. There is no doubt that eventually a marriage will take place and the child legitimised. For that reason we exclude the names of the man and the girl from the strange story which has now to be told.

Behind the simple proceedings at the Assize lies a remarkable series of events which were not made known, possibly because they were not considered relevant to the trial, but, more likely, because neither the judge nor any of the officers of the court was aware of them.

These facts, which seem to cast grave reflection on the administration of the Department of the Registrar-General, were in the possession of JOHN BULL.

They were of so serious a nature that it seemed inconceivable that the authorities would not soon make some public announcement regarding them and the kind of disciplinary action which had been taken or was contemplated.

The Registrars

We have waited a full year for an official report upon or explanation of the matters that had come to our knowledge. None has been forthcoming.

Twelve months is ample time for something to have been done to acquaint the public with what was going on behind the scenes before and after the Assize trial and to reassure them that steps had been taken to deal with the principals in a queer affair which has brought no credit upon one of the most important administrative services of the State.

It is clearly the official intention to allow the inner circumstances of the case to be buried and forgotten. This is not desirable, because they affect persons in public positions.

They are:

Mr. Alfred W. Boulton, chairman of magistrates, county councillor and registrar of marriages for the Pucklechurch area of Gloucestershire for twenty years.

Mr. Robert Wilson, M.B.E., clerk to the Chipping Sodbury Rural District Council and superintendent-registrar for thirty years.

Mr. J. B. Kendall, assistant clerk to the District Council and deputy-superintendent-registrar.

The essential part of the case which has now to be related in the public interest is that in the months between the time the schoolgirl became an expectant mother and the date on which the man was brought to justice, these three officials used the machinery of the State to marry the couple.

Void

The marriage was, of course, completely illegal. If it had been valid, as it appeared to be when the official certificate was issued, no prosecution of the guilty man could have taken place.

The girl and the man were respectively the niece and first cousin of Mr. Boulton.

For many years Mr. Boulton has been an important figure in the affairs of the county of Gloucester. He was formerly a parish and district councillor, but relinquished these offices when he was appointed council rent-collector.

He then obtained appointment as a county councillor and since 1914 was also the registrar of marriages for the Pucklechurch division. Mr. Boulton, who had considerable local reputation as a lay-preacher, has also given much of his time to the assiduous discharge of his duties as a magistrate and chairman of the Bench.

The condition of Mr. Boulton's niece, then under fourteen years of age, was discovered by a school nurse during a routine examination of the pupils.

The authorities were informed, but for six months no action was taken against the man who was responsible.

It is conceivable that the police delayed action against the man because during that period it was announced that a marriage had taken place. A

We invite Mr. S. P. Vivian, the Registrar-General, to make a public announcement regarding these surprising proceedings

certificate of the marriage had even been exhibited.

What had happened was that Mr. Boulton's niece and cousin had gone to him in his capacity of registrar and requested him to conduct the formalities of a civil marriage on their behalf.

On receiving the declaration of the intended marriage, he conveyed it to Mr. Wilson, the superintendent-registrar and clerk of the council at Chipping Sodbury, which is the administrative headquarters of this area of the county.

The particulars were duly entered in the superintendent-registrar's notice-book and the notice of the marriage was displayed in his office for the necessary period of twenty-one days.

On the day the marriage ceremony was actually performed, Mr. Boulton had, of course, to accompany his niece and cousin at the register office and play his official part in the ceremony. Mr. Wilson, however, was away from his office on the marriage day visiting a near-by town, and his portion of the duties was performed by Mr. Kendall, the deputy-superintendent and assistant clerk to the council.

The register was signed by the registrar, the contracting parties and the witnesses, and the certificate issued.

Superseded

Local people were, to say the least, certainly very surprised when they learned that a girl so young had been able to have a marriage officially registered and obtain a certificate of its authenticity and validity

The immediate consequence naturally was that for a time all thought of bringing a criminal charge against Mr. Boulton's cousin was abandoned.

Nothing more happened for weeks until Mr. Boulton called upon his niece, asked her to surrender the marriage certificate, and informed her that she must no longer regard herself as being legally married.

The prosecution, committal for trial and conviction of the man followed in the next two months

Mr. Boulton's name then disappeared from the Official List of the Registrar-General's department and another registrar appeared in his stead. Later it became known that Mr. Wilson, the superintendent-registrar, and Mr. Kendall, the deputy, were also no longer performing their duties.

Whether or not these three gentlemen resigned from or were relieved of their offices by the Registrar-General is not known.

No suggestion is made and the idea must not be entertained for a moment that Mr. Boulton took any steps towards having this wrongful marriage performed in an effort to save the honour of two near relatives or to save one of them from paying the penalty of his wrongdoing.

Neither would Mr. Wilson nor Mr Kendall have connived at or been parties to anything of the kind.

It is accepted that all three officials were ignorant of the law which prohibits the marriage of a girl under sixteen even with the consent of her parents.

It is the fact that such profound ignorance of the most elementary provision of the marriage law should exist among three public officials, who had been paid as registrars for so many years and one of whom is a chairman of magistrates, that causes disquietude. A situation more worthy of explanation by the authorities could not be conceived.

He CLIMBED to a PENSION!

The top rung for him

ALL his working life Mr. R. C. Lewis, of "Ivydene," Starhill, Woking, has been in the retail boot and shoe trade. To find the best kind of footwear for his customers he has been climbing steps for years past.

In his spare time, however, his hobby has been climbing a ladder—the ladder which leads to the top of our *Bullets* prize-list. And to-day, having just reached the First Prize rung and a *Bullets* Life Pension, he feels that his patient climbing has been well worth while.

There was none of the usual First Prize-winner's excitement about Mr. Lewis, writes a JOHN BULL representative, when I called to congratulate him at the shop he manages—the John Farmer Boot Company's business at Chertsey Road, Woking.

* * *

"I knew it would come one day," he had told his wife, referring to our First Prize telegram. So its actual arrival was less than a bolt from the blue for him than it has been for many competitors.

The *Bullet* for which Mr. Lewis had chosen £3 weekly for life as his reward was the ingenious and topical effort, BEACONS—"ORANGES" UPSETTING ROAD-HOG'S APPLECART. And no small part of his satisfaction at its success lay in this fact. It has proved that his faith in *Bullets* and himself was fully justified.

"This has certainly upset the doubters' applecart," he said delightedly, going on to tell me of the years he has been shooting for one of our big *Bullets* prizes.

"The only cash prize I've won until now," he said, "has been a half-crown. The absence of anything big didn't discourage me, but I had to put up with a lot from friends who hadn't my faith in the fairness of *Bullets*.

"People used to tell me I was wasting my time. I knew I wasn't. I had a pleasant hobby and I knew that I could land a First as others had done—but only by keeping at it."

His chief encouragement, Mr. Lewis declared, was not in prizes but in something else which arrived for him from Long Acre every Thursday.

"I have *Bullets Bulletin* to thank for my success," he said, adding that his pension cheques will be allowed to pile up in the bank to provide for the future of his wife, his little son and himself.

* * *

The only regret which Mr. Lewis can have to-day is the fact that his success did not wait until our Giant 1935 Offer, in which on page 43 this week we finally offer £1,935 cash, £4 weekly for life and a Millionaire's Week-end for Two.

Telegram Day for this Contest is Friday, March 1: why should it not be *your* day?

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies Pure Silk Hose, famous make, 12/9 doz.; sell at 1/6 p. Gent's Heather Mixture Hose, 3/6 doz.; sell at 6d. pr. Ladies' O.S. Interlock Vests, 8/9 doz.; sell at 1/3 each. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 33 Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 176-page Catalogue free.—May (125), Birmingham.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B. THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO. LTD. Houndsditch E.C.3.

COTTON PENTS, all descriptions. Best Make-up in Trade. List Free.—REMNANT HOUSE, TAYLOR STREET, ACCRINGTON.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

£5 CASH BONUS & Half Profit. Either Sex, anywhere, selling 1/- lines. Free samps.—Write for partics., Lethertee, Broad St. Chams., Bath, Som.

SPARE-TIME POUNDS. They're waiting for you in return for a most congenial way of utilising your leisure moments. Cut out and post the coupon in the advt. of Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses (centre of page 2) and learn more about this money-bringing proposition.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 2-8, Deansgate MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1935 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, London.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write parties. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE G.P.O. Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes: no experience required: open examination: vacancies regularly available, ages 17-24. — Full particulars, with personal advice, free.—Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd Sheffield.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required). Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam.—B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free or advice about other careers —Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1935 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT 149, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—Catlgs., Mags., Schedules, Price Lists, Dup. Books, Circulars, Memos, Billheads, Envelopes, etc. Samples 2d.—Meads (63), Sandy.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads, 3/6. 1,000 Handbills, 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8 Buxted, Sussex.

BRITAIN'S Cheapest Printers. Billheads 1/6 1,000. Handbills 2/6. Quality work, quick service. Send p.c. free samps. Service Press, 9, Broad St., Bath.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO. 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Unedus," 70/72 Arundel St., Portsmouth.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHINA, 120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 Cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hdware Cat. Catlg. & Guide, worth £s., FREE. Bruges St. Pottery Dept. 9, Burslem.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free.—BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List JB1543 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

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EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on approval. The complete 75 Garment Home-made Layette for 30/- (Cash payment or Terms), Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Flannels, Woollies, Petts, Napkins etc. A super nursing home quality 42/-. Also tucking sets 18/6 and 25/-. MRS. J. HOWARD, 60, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon on page 12. This will bring a copy of a new book, "You and Your Home." Jane and John typical of the thousands to whom the Drage way has proved a blessing, tell you all about this wonderful firm in this free book. Send for it at once by completing and posting the coupon in an unsealed ½d. stamped envelope or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Drage's, Ltd., 70-73, Oxford Street W.1.

MAKE Your Own Rugs! A 2-in. Rug Book will be sent free to readers filling in the coupon in the Scotia Wool advt. on page 39.

RHEUMATISM

—"No, it doesn't worry me now. I use Sloans at once, and the pain's gone. It's an excellent proved remedy."

If changeable weather causes excruciating twinges of Rheumatic pain in joints or muscles—use Sloans without delay. Apply gently. Instantly you feel the penetrating warmth as the liniment acts on throbbing nerves and aching tissues. Relief quickly follows and your pain dies away. The first application of Sloans brings relief.

Use Sloans for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, BRUISES, ALL MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain apply Sloans. **Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drug the whole system.** Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues and clears away the congestion which causes the pain.

At all Chemists and Stores, 1/9 per bottle

MADE IN ENGLAND.

SLOANS LINIMENT **KILLS PAIN**

WOOLS.—Knit, 1d., 1½d., 12d. oz. Rug 6½d., 9d., 1/-, 1/3 lb., etc. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

LONDON'S CHEAPEST and most durable Floor Covering. Now only 15/- for a big roll of 90 sq. ft. Ideal for all floors—stone, concrete or wood. Absolutely waterproof and rotproof. Send first for samples and examine the amazing value of "Linetex & Paroleum." Write, J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., London, S.E.17

THE MOUTH-ORGAN Craze. See that you buy a genuine Hohner harmonica—the only Harmonica which plays half-notes. Your local music shop will supply you. Write to Hohner Concessionaires, Ltd., for the Harmonica Tutor advertised on page 2.

MORE COLD Weather Coming? Let J. G. Graves, Ltd. of Sheffield, send you their "Luxury" Bale. Only 5/- is required for delivery of the complete Bale shown in the advt. on page 2.

CYCLISTS! Steal away while you pay. Have a brand-new spanking bike direct from the factory in Coventry. Big saving. Everything very latest. Note the keen value offered by Messrs. Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., in their advt. on page 2.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1935 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 152 pages, 279 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

SALE of 1934 stock PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Sound, unused, slightly discoloured, AT NEARLY ½-PRICES. Complete with glass, felt, fittings, etc. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages, Pigstyes, Studios, Summer Houses, Chalets. Completely sectional: easily erected. Carriage Paid for Cash or Confidential Terms. List FREE from J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Dept 46a), Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-. 7/- monthly. Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 48-p cat free.—Terms RAYMOND, J.B., 5 Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

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FREE.—Send to-day for the free folder describing the latest radio obtainable on easy terms, issued by Curry's Ltd. See page 31. Simply fill in the coupon.

SOMETHING NEW in Harmonicas. The Hohner Harmonica with Piano-Accordion tone. Played like an ordinary mouth-organ and costs no more. This popular Continental Instrument is illustrated and described in this week's "Shop Window." Turn to page 3.

HAVE YOU a Gramophone? Treat yourself to 12 brand-new 10 in. records for 2/-. This is one of the biggest bargains ever offered in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," and you should write to the firm advertising at foot of page 3 without delay.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE, etc.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.) 21 Warwick Lane E.C.4

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (48/S), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WHOOPING COUGH. — VAPO-CRESOLENE, the surest, safest, best-known and quickest form of relief. Write for Booklet No. 45R to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

ARE you suffering from a Cold or Influenza? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send 2d. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

CATARRH and kindred ailments positively Banished.—Health Remedy Co., Ltd., Medical Herbalists & Neuropaths, Coronation Buildings, Liverpool.

RUPTURE.—Elastic Trusses and Appliances supplied by the specialist firm. Sensible prices, any style, no extras. See page 2 for descriptive advt. of C. A. Macbeth.

NEXT time the doctor gives you a prescription get it made up at Boots'. The dispensaries at all Boots' branches are controlled by fully trained chemists, and a wonderful system of stock control ensures the freshness of all ingredients. Mothers can safely buy for Baby at Boots, because she must have the very best, and the very best is so very reasonably priced at Boots. See page 10.

A FREE booklet is offered in the International Laboratories advertisement on page 29.

FREE to sufferers from leg trouble. Write to the New Era Treatment Co. Ltd. (Dept. 151), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, the "Story of Elasto," fully explaining how this great blood revitaliser cures through the blood. Turn to the Back Cover.

A FREE Trial Package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, which alleviate catarrhal troubles, colds, etc., will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 37

FREE.—Don't suffer a minute longer with constipation—a generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes this distressing complaint, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. G.12), Thames House, Millbank, London, S.W.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," 5,000 Bargains weekly.—Send postcard to I. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

CHINA.—18 p.c. Teasets 1/11. Dinner Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-.—All Catlgs. Gifts and List FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. AH7 for Ladies' Spring Catlg., also Gentlemen's Catlg.—SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., Lon.W1.

JACK DOYLE will teach you how to defend yourself against all comers—by post! Why not accept the offer? (See announcement at foot of page 3.)

TRY KENSITAS CIGARETTES and experience their better taste. They are made only from clean centre leaves of the finest Virginian Tobaccos. Next time buy a packet—the 10 and —they satisfy! Turn to page 4.

THERE is a little economy note in the Pears' Soap announcement on page 25 which should not be overlooked.

HERE'S a unique free offer. A safety can-opener—the safest thing ever invented. This is offered in the Skipper advertisement on page 37. Collect 8 blue Skipper wrapper tops, fill in the form with your name and address on page 37, and get one of these safety can-openers free.

THE makers of Stead Razor Blades make a sample test. Read about it in the advt. on page 35. Stead Razor Blades are obtainable in a Wallet—7 for 6d.

DON'T overlook the FREE OFFER of an interesting book, "The Secrets of Muscular Strength—and How to Acquire It." Fill in the coupon on page 37 and send to Alfred Bruce (Dept. Al6), 8, Broadway, London, W.6.

A WONDERFUL free gift booklet is offered by Rowntree's which illustrates the many valuable gifts given away in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa. Write at once to Dept. XD2, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy. Many children's gifts appear in the booklet.

HAVE you read the open letter to parents by Mr Bennett of the Bennett College Sheffield on page 20? Do so now! A free copy of the famous book, "The Human Machine" can be obtained on application to the Bennett College.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Stratford, London, N.8.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

The QUACK in the TOWN HALL

WHEN a quack doctor is able to conduct his campaigns from municipal buildings it is not surprising if misguided sufferers flock to him in the belief that he has semi-official recognition.

This undoubtedly explains the success that is attending the efforts of a self-styled "medical herbalist and brain and nerve specialist" calling himself "Professor" J. B. Keswick and operating variously as J. B. Keswick and Co. and the Border Herbal Company, of Wigton, Cumberland.

Recently the "professor" had the audacity to engage the town hall at Folkestone, Kent, for a series of public lectures, and I find that he has followed a similar practice in nearly every part of the country.

Bradford, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Bridgwater, Canterbury, Crewe, Doncaster, Exeter, Gateshead, Liverpool, Norwich, Oxford, Portsmouth, Reading, Sheffield, Torquay, Winchester and Yeovil are just a few of the centres in which he has lectured in his campaign to secure patients.

It is his proud boast that he has filled the large Colston Hall at Bristol, which holds from 3,500 to 4,000 people, numbers of times, and that hundreds have been turned away unable to gain admission.

☆ ☆ ☆

IF the professor were to confine his activities to lecturing I should regard him as a harmless crank; but he actually offers advice and treatment on nearly every ailment under the sun.

"Distance," he declares, "is no object to my treatment. I have helped thousands who have never seen me."

Now no qualified medical man would dream of attempting to diagnose grave diseases by post or prescribe for patients he had not seen; yet "Professor" Keswick is quite content to let sufferers indicate the nature of their troubles with the aid of a printed "List of Symptoms."

As this unqualified "professor" is ready to advise on all manner of chronic diseases ranging from gastric catarrh to cancer, I think it time his activities were checked.

As a reader recently complained that he had cause for regret at ever having met this orator of cures and quackery, I sent a member of my staff to enquire into Keswick's activities.

My investigator attended one of the lectures at Folkestone Town Hall, and his report is illuminating.

The lecture on this particular night was "Dyspepsia—Your Stomach and Its Troubles." Those who went to hear the lecture were offered a programme priced at twopence.

This programme is an amazing production, consisting as it does of a list of no less than eighty-seven symptoms. Having gone through this list carefully I should say that almost any member of "Professor" Keswick's audience could persuade himself that he was suffering from at least a dozen of these symptoms.

The unfortunate audience having studied this amazing list, were doubtless in a suitable mood for the lecturer's startling discourse.

☆ ☆ ☆

"NEARLY all of you are suffering from your stomachs," said "Professor" Keswick as he pointed to queer-looking diagrams shown on cracked slides on a screen.

In between his slides the lecturer spoke of cases that he had cured. He mentioned a J.P. who had come to him for consultations at Bournemouth, and as a result had been cured of neuritis. Another patient had been cured of rheumatism, and so on.

Running through the lecture was the definite advice that members of the audience who had the misfortune to be suffering from serious diseases should consult "Professor" Keswick, who would undoubtedly cure them.

This dangerous theme outlined by this venerable-looking quack is to my mind a terrible thing, for it is likely that persons who should have proper medical attention may be persuaded to place themselves in his unqualified hands.

While the "professor" did not claim to cure cancer in so many words, he indicated that his Charco-lax tablets, price 1s. 3d. a box, would *prevent* cancer. A leaflet wrapped round a box of these tablets is headed, "Cancer's Toll of Civilisation."

The lecturer ended in time for a silver collection to be taken up. Then came the selling of "Professor" Keswick's special herbal remedies for all the complaints that have baffled orthodox doctors.

Finally, the professor's daughter, Miss K. Keswick, proceeded to lecture on the horrors of internal troubles, and the revised edition of "Professor" Keswick's "Herbal Family Guide," published at 1s. 6d., was offered to the audience at the knock-out price of sixpence a copy.

This volume, published from "Professor" Keswick's home address, Wigton, Cumberland, is a hand-book of quackery plus pages of testimonials and cures.

Worst of all is the invitation in the preface, which reads: "Those who are beginning to fail in health, and cannot realise what is wrong with them, as they are unable to do as they used to do, are advised to try my treatment at once, and thus avoid a complete breakdown."

I can only urge my readers in various parts of the country who have heard this master-quack lecturing to ignore his talk of cures and seek proper medical advice.

There is no limit to the impudence of "Professor" Keswick, for I notice that in addition to his many claims he also states that he is a "brain and nerve specialist."

☆ ☆ ☆

JUDGING by his book there is nothing that he will not attempt. He even undertakes to treat such a terrible affliction as angina pectoris, and with regard to general diseases of the heart this self-styled "professor" says that he will "be pleased to advise sufferers."

Having read carefully through this book, I am appalled at the thought that a person of no recognised medical qualification should be permitted to treat the most difficult cases that have baffled medical science.

He even quotes a testimonial, no name or address being given, of a person who says that he has been cured of partial paralysis.

There are many such testimonals in the book, but no names or addresses are given. I note that a Mrs. J., of Leicester, says that she has been cured of chronic rheumatism, while on the following page a Mrs. L. J., also of Leicester, states that she, too, has been cured of this same complaint.

Strangely enough, the wording of each testimonial is the same!

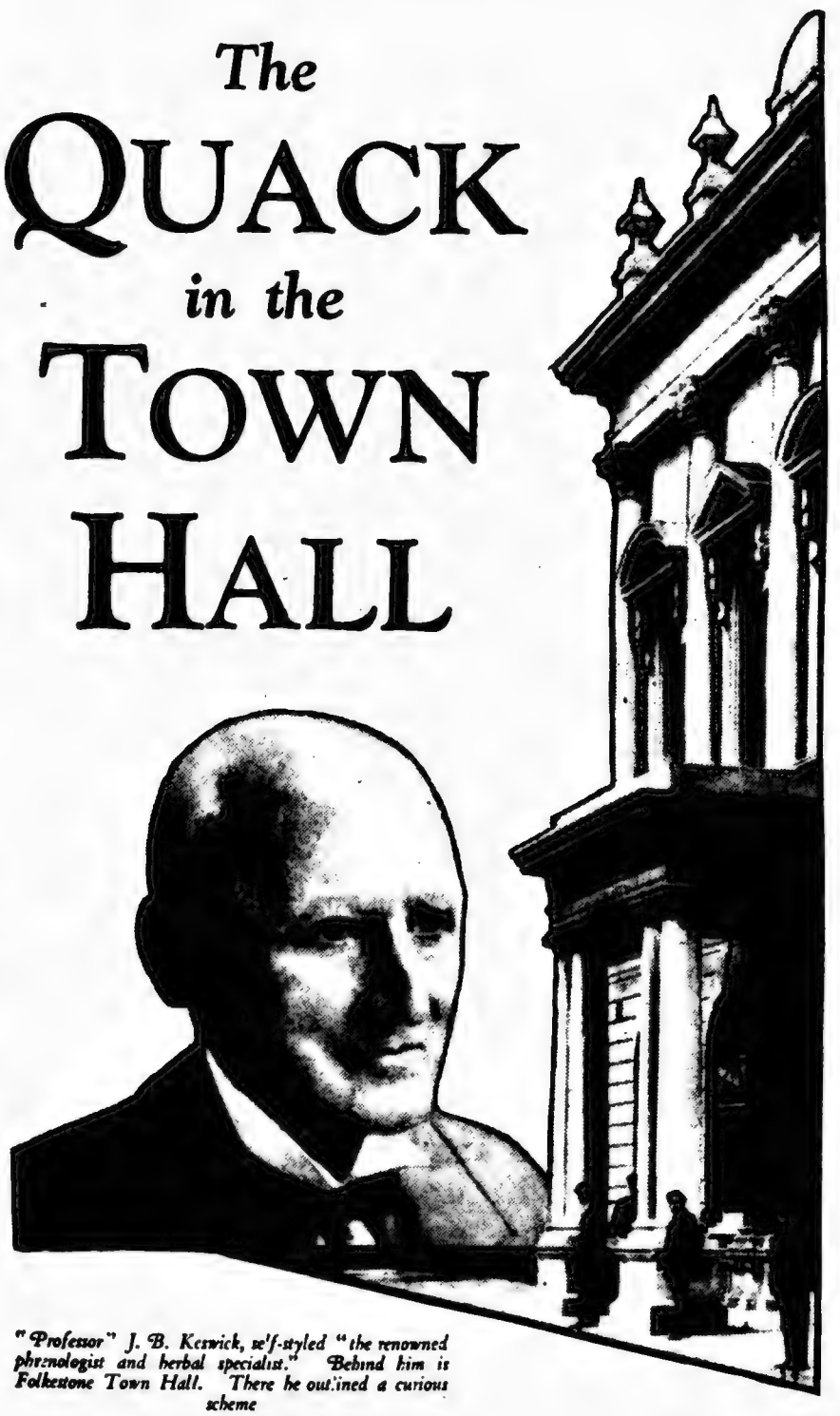
Throat consumption, chronic catarrh, goitre, deafness, ulcers, kidney complaints, sciatica, almost every known ailment has been cured according to these testimonials by the wonderful "Professor" Keswick.

I feel that such a man as this, with his plausible tongue and his precious herbal remedies, consultations, and widely-advertised lectures, is a positive menace to those who have the misfortune to suffer from bad health.

The danger is that they may be persuaded to delay obtaining proper medical advice and put themselves into the hands of this quack, who will promise to cure almost anything from a bald head to a weak heart.

There is, I repeat, scarcely a big town in the country that "Professor" Keswick has not visited, but I hope that his activities, which have been so alarmingly widespread, will now be drastically curtailed.

I hope, too, that municipal authorities everywhere will put up a ban and refuse to permit this quack to turn their town halls into temporary consulting rooms.



"Professor" J. B. Keswick, self-styled "the renowned phrenologist and herbal specialist." Behind him is Folkestone Town Hall. There he outlined a curious scheme

EASY, Mr. HEAYSMAN!

TO the uninitiated the title "Heaysman Airways" suggests a lively airport, humming with the activity of airplanes taking off at frequent intervals. Actually the airport does not exist except in the imagination of Donald T. Heaysman, who describes himself as proprietor and general manager of this concern.

This impudent bluffer, whose career is well known to us, recently installed himself in a small office in St. Martin's Lane, London.

He has been advertising for "a really keen, adaptable young gentleman for a responsible clerical position."

"Although started in a comparatively small way, it is our intention to extend the business gradually to cover all branches of commercial aviation," he declares.

An ambitious programme indeed! All that is necessary, as it is later revealed, is that the applicant should take up a third partnership in the firm for £150 in exchange for £4 a week plus a share in the profits.

Quite an alluring prospect for those who do not know Donald T. Heaysman!

As recently as May, 1934, he was working the same idea from a small office in Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, but his company was then called "Universal Airways." Later he was operating from another equally small office in Fetter Lane, London.

Then, on December 19, 1934, Heaysman, still consumed with eagerness to control airway companies, registered his new venture, Heaysman Airways.

He found two partners and an office was opened in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Unfortunately, this new "airways" company, which started with bright hopes and brighter promises, crashed within a month. For a "ceased trading" notice was filed.

Yet he opened up his present office in St. Martin's Lane within four days, and described it on his letter-heading as the "Head Office" of Heaysman Airways, which, according to his own declaration, had ceased to trade!

We hope that the "adaptable young gentlemen" for whom this self-styled "director" of airways is looking will prove hard to find.

The Prelate's message to you!

GOD AND YOU

by the

BISHOP OF LONDON

From the vast experience of a crowded life, spent in close contact with men and women of all classes and shades of opinion, the Bishop of London discusses with you the problems that arise from day to day in modern life. This inspiring series of articles, written exclusively for the SUNDAY GRAPHIC, will appeal to you, whether you are simply the enquiring layman, or more fiercely troubled by doubts, whether you are wearied by sorrow and misfortune, or overcome with material difficulties.

Under such titles as:—

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"GOD IN SOCIAL LIFE" "MODERN MIRACLES"
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Dr. Winnington-Ingram has written on subjects that are vital to you.

SUNDAY GRAPHIC

The first article will appear on FEBRUARY 10
Order *your* copy

ANOTHER JUVEILNE COURT BLUNDER

TRAGIC Sentence on THREE BOYS

UNDER the Children and Young Persons Act the Press is rightly prevented from giving the names or addresses of young people who appear before the Juvenile Courts But three cases have recently occurred at Fareham, near Portsmouth, which cry aloud for publicity.

Many residents at Fareham and Portsmouth have appealed to us to intervene, and after careful investigation we have decided that it is in the public interest that the case should be brought to the attention of the Home Secretary.

The facts are that three schoolboys, whose ages ranged from twelve to thirteen years, indulged in a boyish prank and subsequently appeared before the magistrates at the Fareham Juvenile Court.

The youngest boy has now been sent away to an institution near Liverpool for four years' detention, another has been sent to the same school for three years, and the other to an institution in Kent for three years.

Banished

Local feeling has been aroused to such an extent that a person of standing in the district recently instructed solicitors to fight these cases before the Appeals Committee; but the appeals have proved unsuccessful.

The result is that these three boys have been banished from their homes, and the two who have been sent to Liverpool will be unable to see their parents for years, because they cannot afford the fares.

The story that led up to these sentences on these schoolboys is one that will shock every parent in the land.

A group of boys went to a village store one evening recently to buy sweets. While two of them went into the shop the others were romping outside. In the porch of the shop were stacked some packets of candles, and three of the boys decided that they needed some lighting for an old shed at home where they wanted to mend some toys.

So in an impulsive moment they removed some packets of candles from the porch and laid them in the roadway outside the shop while they waited for their companions When these boys emerged from the shop, the whole party helped to carry home the packets of candles.

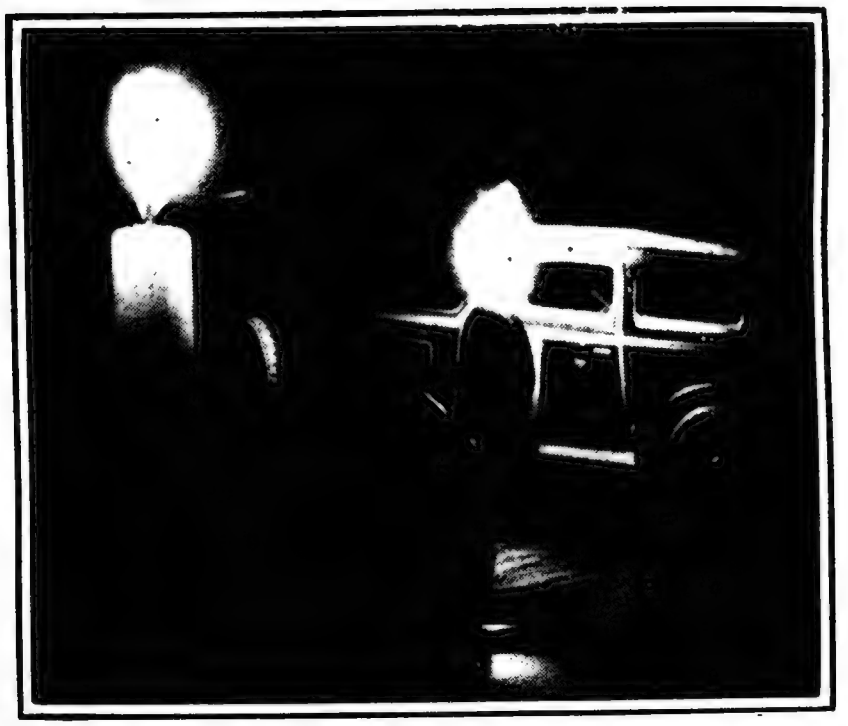
The parents were unaware of the escapade, because the boys hid the candles in an old shed some distance from their house and in other secret hiding places.

Only a few of the candles were actually used to illuminate the old shed, where the eager-faced boys proceeded with the innocent work of repairing their toys.

Late that evening the proprietor of the village store discovered the loss and promptly reported the matter to the village constable. Within a short time the wheels of the law began to revolve, with the result that the missing candles were recovered, minus the few that had been used.

Though a number of boys had taken part in this desperate raid on the village store, only three of them were arrested, and a few days later, feeling rather sorry about their boyish prank, they stood nervously waiting for justice in the Fareham Juvenile Court.

When these boys heard that they were to be sent away for periods of four years and three years, it is small wonder that tears started to their eyes at the thought of such long banishment from home.



They wanted to mend some broken toys, but it was dark in the shed. So they took some candles . . .

It is difficult to remain calm in the face of such needless sentences, especially when we have a right to expect sympathy and kindly consideration for youngsters who may be the victims of high spirits but are certainly not criminals.

Vain appeal

A police constable who gave evidence testified that he had no complaint to make of the general character of the boys. As far as he knew it was their first offence. Yet in spite of this official testimony in their favour the boys were sentenced as we have described.

When the case came up before the Appeals Committee, counsel submitted quite rightly that if an adult had committed the offence he would have been bound over without doubt.

He added that there was no justification for taking the boys away from their home surroundings and putting them where their parents could not afford the expense of going to see them.

But this appeal for justice tempered with mercy fell on deaf ears.

A JOHN BULL representative, who interviewed the parents, found them to be well respected in the neighbourhood, where they have lived for many years. The homes of the boys are clean, comfortable and well kept.

"Had the boys been in trouble before, or been of bad character, we could have understood them being sent away," said one of the mothers.

"But the police admitted that they knew nothing but this prank against them. It was just a boyish escapade, but the Juvenile Court has treated them as if they were hardened criminals. The value of the stolen candles was a few pence. We are poor people and cannot afford the fares to go and see our boys, so it means that we shall not set our eyes on them again for years."

Most people, we imagine, will share the parents' indignation at this tragedy.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that the affair has aroused a storm of anger locally.

It is intended that a petition shall be sent to the Home Office authorities, in the hope that a further plea for the modification of the sentences will succeed.

This is but one of several instances that have come to our notice of the unaccountable decisions which are made at some of the Juvenile Courts in this country.

Justice demands—

By way of comparison it is interesting to note that at Alton, a short distance away from Fareham, five boys, aged between fifteen and sixteen, recently appeared at the local police court charged with breaking and entering a shop.

Evidence was given that these boys had broken into the premises. They had stolen cash, two revolvers and other property. Yet three of these boys were bound over!

Such anomalies in dealing with the cases of young offenders are a striking commentary on the lack of sympathy shown at some of these courts. We have no hesitation in saying that the three boys who were treated so harshly there should never have been torn from their parents.

In view of their previous good character and their decent homes, justice demands that, as first offenders, they should have been bound over.

We appeal to the Home Secretary to order their immediate release.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

What Would You Do?

DURING one of the tremendous floods that periodically take place in the Mississippi valley a man and his family were marooned by the rising waters on the roof of their home. The family consisted of the householder, his wife, aged mother, and two children.

It presently became evident that they would all be swept off their temporary refuge, for there was no possibility of rescue. As far as the eye could reach the entire landscape had become submerged in a roaring torrent.

Only one of them could swim, the head of the family himself, and there was just a chance, and no more than a chance, that he could carry one of his loved ones to safety.

He was confronted with the most awful dilemma of his life. Should he try to save one of them or not? There was not much time in which to make his choice, and we do not know what kind of pleading was going on among the four persons who saw death swiftly approaching. The probability is that they vied with each other in asking to be sacrificed.

At length when decision could no longer be delayed the man seized his wife and bore her away. After a long struggle he managed to reach a secure elevation with his unconscious burden; he and she survived: the older woman and the two children perished.

What would you, reader, have done in these tragic circumstances? There may be difference of opinion on the point, but I think most of us would say that it would have been better for the members of that closely united group to meet their fate together.

Life would not be worth much to that father and mother when they thought of the cost at which it had been preserved. How would any man feel who had abandoned his mother to the hungry waves, not to speak of his children?

And we may be very sure that the wife did not want to be saved, knowing as she did that it meant leaving her children to sink into a watery grave. Womanlike, she would have preferred to meet the last enemy by their side.

It has been said, by I forget whom, that in an emergency a man will always leap to protect the woman he loves, but that the woman will always jump first for her child. Perhaps this is true: I don't know for certain. But, whatever one's first impulse might be, surely what is best in us would prompt us to share the worst in the company of those we love, however seemingly useless the outcome, rather than forsake any.

It is proverbial that a mother will bestow more long-suffering affection upon the black sheep of the family than upon the others, simply because he needs it most.

And it is a good thing for all of us that we are not loved according to our deserts, but according to the measure of that divine capacity that women possess for forgiving and loving to the uttermost.

The greater the price to be paid in pain and self-sacrifice, the more tenacious the devotion.

We hear now and then of a point being reached at which a man will repudiate the claims of blood-relationship when he has been tried too far.

"Never let me see your face again" is a form of address to the scapegrace not confined to the novel or the kinema film; it is occasionally heard in real life when the erring son or daughter is turned out of doors.

But it is wrong. There is nothing whatever, no matter how bad, which can justify any of us in turning our backs upon our own.

FORTY REASONS

There are forty reasons why next week's JOHN BULL will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before.

Forty reasons why we know you will vote the New Big Surprise in next week's JOHN BULL the biggest yet.

86, St. Peters Grove,
Canterbury.

Class Number
L 131682.

17th Dec., 1934.

Dear Sir,

You may remember me as a pupil of your College, taking a correspondence course for the recent Civil Service Examination. The result of this examination has now been published, and I learn that I was fortunate enough to secure the top place out of over 1,400 other candidates.

I consider that this result reflects great credit upon your course and your tutors for their interest and their willingness to help me with my studies.

May I wish you the compliments of the season and every success in the future.

Yours very gratefully,
C. P. CAYLEY.

3 LETTERS

Read them—then you will realise what is happening and why

A VOCATIONAL TRAINING FROM THIS COLLEGE IS A CAREER — A SUCCESSFUL PROGRESSIVE CAREER

110, Victoria Road, Dundee,
Angus.

MR. J. H. BENNETT,
Bennett College, Ltd.,
Sheffield.

16th January, 1935.

Class Number L159929.

Dear Sir,

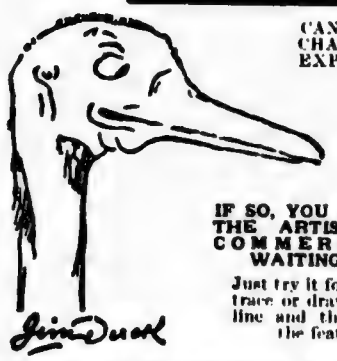
A short time ago I enrolled as a student of the Clerk of Works, Architecture, etc., course; although still in my twenties, I have, through the excellent tuition provided in the above course, been successful in my application for the position as Clerk of Works with the Dundee Town Council.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE MOFFATT.

OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam.—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound, practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,
J. H. Bennett



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60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a **FREE TRIAL** and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Jim Dusk **Art Dept. 31.**

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- Mining, Electrical Engineering
- Motor Engineering
- Motor Trade
- Municipal and County Engineers
- Naval Architecture
- Pattern Making
- Police, Special Course
- Preceptors, College of
- Pumps and Pumping Machinery
- Radio Service Engineering
- Road-Making and Maintenance
- Salesmanship
- Sanitation
- Secretarial Examinations
- Shipbuilding
- Shorthand (Pitman's)
- Structural Engineering
- Surveying
- Teachers of Handicrafts
- Telephony and Telegraphy
- Transport Inst. Exams.
- Weights and Measures Inspector
- Welding
- Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
- Works Managers

IF YOU DO NOT SEE YOUR OWN REQUIREMENTS ABOVE, WRITE TO US ON ANY SUBJECT.

HOW TO STUDY

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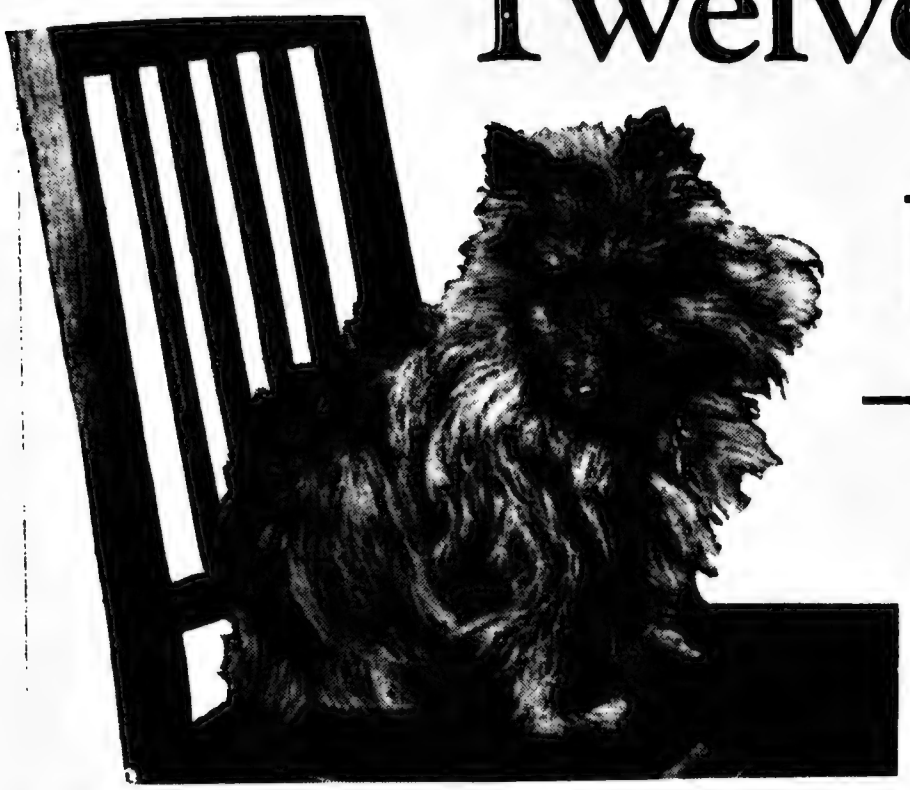
Twelve Policemen and a DOG! —A Scandalous Farce



I'm the dog that caused all the trouble. It's a strange story . . .

I'M Jock. A braw chiel, ye ken. At least that is how nine out of ten people describe me when they like it to be known that they can identify Scottish ancestry at a glance. There is a constellation of stars after my name on the register of the Kennel Club—to show that my parents unto four generations have been champions of my breed.

I mention these things merely so that it will be understood that I am a gentleman by birth and, though still a puppy, am all for the suppression of felony and vice and the maintenance of law and order.

My most rigorous training has been that I must never do anything in public which would offend a policeman, because policemen are busy folk in these days of trunk murders and Hore-Belisha crimes.

Yet to-day I am a branded rogue whose honour has been sullied in the courts.

But I am not in such bad cess as a Mr. Harris, who has had to bear the burden of my sin. He is a friend of my master and lives in Baker Street, where Sherlock Holmes had chambers. The truth of the detective-work which led to the undoing of Mr. Harris is, however, stranger than any of the Holmes fiction.

The queer events in what I will call "The Case of the Tarnished Lamp-post" began on an afternoon when my master drove me into the country in his motor-car to observe the habits of rabbits. Mr. Harris, who, until then had been an upright, law-fearing citizen, accompanied us.

Master stopped the car on the return journey at the door of a hotel at the Marble Arch, and descended to call and see a man about some other dog. The interview, I thought, was taking an unconsciously long time and, judging from his remarks, my master's friend, who had remained with me in the car, had a similar idea.

Enter the constable

His boredom seemed to be relieved when a newsboy at the street corner began to shout something about Winners and Prices.

He allowed me to accompany him on the lead when he went out to buy a newspaper.

As he was about to get into our car again, I dragged him back I had espied for the first time a lamp-post only the length of my lead behind the car.

Now, I ask you! How could I be expected to know that the local council which governs the use of lamp-posts at the Marble Arch has a special by-law prohibiting dogs from access to them? My master's friend must have shared my ignorance.

Anyhow, he seemed stricken to speechlessness when a magnificent policeman rushed up and demanded to know "What the blazes is that mongrel doing?"

As I was still at the lamp-post, I had to allow the slur on my pedigree to pass.

Didn't believe me

From somewhere about his splendid chest, the constable produced a black-covered notebook. I hoped a baton and handcuffs would follow, but I was disappointed.

"Your full name and address, sir!"

My escort stammered out the required information, but pleaded that he was not my owner.

I raised my head to show the metal disc on my collar which bears my master's identity. The policeman did not think it worth while to examine the medallion, which I am compelled to wear by law for the enlightenment of the police in crises such as these.

The officer was satisfied from the first that the man who held my lead was my owner. He disregarded my gesture when I trotted round to the number-plate of the car to indicate that it was another clue to my ownership.

"Please exhibit the licence for this animal!"

My master's friend seemed dazed. He could only murmur feebly that as he was not my owner, and did not, in fact, own a dog, he could not reasonably be expected to produce a licence.

I barked that my licence was with a wireless licence and a gun licence in the second pigeon-hole from the right in the desk in master's study at our happy Hampstead home. I was either not believed or not understood.

At that moment master appeared at the hotel door, "What's the trouble?" he cheerily asked. Both he and his question were ignored by the policeman, who crashed his notebook back in his tunic and said *adieu* with a menacing remark that Mr. Harris would "hear more about this, sir."

The poor innocent man soon began to hear the voices of the law. That night a policeman in uniform called at his flat in Baker Street and made his servant nervous by asking all kinds of questions to establish that her employer really was the man of the lamp-post case.

Later a second policeman appeared and let loose another barrage of interrogation—merely, he explained, to check up the information already obtained by his colleague.

When a third one came on the scene to do a re-check the householder coldly advised him to be careful on the way downstairs, because the fourth carpet-rod from the bottom was loose.

Still more policemen came, but, knowing now that the man was not in a hospitable mood, they waited about the front door and questioned him as he went out and in. He told them to go to——Hendon, where the police college is.

The gentleman was worried. What could his neighbours think of this deep police interest in his affairs? I heard him say that this kind of thing could destroy a man's character. People would have been incredulous if told that the visit of a terrier puppy to a Marble Arch lamp-post was the cause of all the bother.

So he sent a note of protest to Lord Trenchard, the Commissioner of Police. The matter was dealt with promptly and effectively by Scotland Yard.

After only three weeks' investigation, police headquarters was able to reply that the number of visits paid by constables was regrettably excessive, and that it had been found that two visits would have been sufficient!

We go to court

The drama was still far from its end. Two more police officers arrived at the Baker Street flat on different days and served the occupier with summonses for having:

(1) Unlawfully kept a dog (me) without a licence to do so.

(2) Not produced and delivered a dog licence to be examined and read by a police constable within a reasonable time after such constable required production of same.

And a week later a third policeman presented another summons. This one charged him with having "unlawfully allowed" me to besmirch that lamp-post.

We three—master, his friend and I—duly presented ourselves at Marylebone Police Court on the appointed date. I was not allowed to enter the court, but the kindly jailer permitted me to put my muzzle so far through the door that I could see master's friend trembling in the dock and hear all that was said

"What is your explanation of this?" asked the magistrate when he had studied the three indictments.

"Please, your worship," he pleaded from the dock, "I do not own a dog, so I cannot be required either to possess or produce a licence. And Jock, my friend's dog, went to the lamp-post when my back was turned."

"Humph!" said the magistrate polishing his spectacles. "I do not see how the dog could have been prevented from fulfilling its intentions. That summons is dismissed."

I *must* be important!

I dared not make a sound, but my tail signalled my gratitude and relief to this understanding magistrate.

But he was still speaking. "Nor do I see," he was saying, "how a man who does not own a dog can unlawfully keep a dog without a licence. That charge also fails."

My tail made a vacuum behind me.

Then the magistrate spoiled things. He found master's friend guilty of "not producing and delivering a dog licence to be examined," and sentenced him to pay a fine of 7s. 6d. or suffer seven days' imprisonment.

It must be an oddity of law and justice that a person can be convicted for not producing a licence for a dog which he does not own. It isn't dog-sense.

The gentleman told the magistrate that he would refuse to pay the fine, and no attempt has been made by the police to collect it or to take him to jail.

I do hope they have granted him the Royal Pardon, because 7s. 6d. would buy such a lot of those crunching biscuits which he keeps at Baker Street to honour my visits.

Last night I listened to Master and his friend reviewing the case and reconstructing the crime. Their chief regret seemed to be that, at a time when there is so much undetected serious crime of other kinds, nearly a dozen fine and able policemen should have been required to deal with my lamp-post misdemeanour.

A LIFT *for the* CABBIE

IN the Notting Hill Gate district of London there lives one of the few remaining hansom-cab drivers who in former days drove Oscar Wilde and Whistler from Belgravia to the Café Royal.

He is nearly seventy years of age, and his wife is more than sixty. One of their treasured possessions is a picture taken many years ago, when he sat high upon his box wearing a white collar and tie, his reins in one hand and his whip in the other.

Darby and Joan, as they are now, were prosperous in those other days; but in recent years he has found it difficult to obtain employment. He washed cars when he could, but more usually drew unemployment insurance benefit amounting to 25s. a week.

* * *

And thus they managed along, until, reaching the age of sixty-five, the one-time hansom-cab driver became entitled to his old-age pension of 10s.

His wife will have to wait yet another four years before she is able to do the same.

The tragedy is that immediately he drew his pension from the post office the old cabbie ceased to be eligible for unemployment pay; and though he is both able and willing to work, there is little in this modern world he can find to do.

Poverty came to their basement home. There have been days without a meal on the table. The brass fire-irons and the ornaments gathered together over a period of many years are not as bright as they seemed once to be.

* * *

Following a heavy rainstorm a week or two back, a deluge of water flooded the streets in the neighbourhood, and the surplus poured over the pavements into their basement home: with the inevitable result that bedding, personal belongings and the floorcloth were ruined

Like another resident in the same district, however, the old cabbie has been a registered reader of JOHN BULL for many years, and so both received a cheque under our free insurance scheme.

"Thanks for your straight dealing," this veteran writes. *You* will find the coupon on page 39. Turn to the page and sign it without further delay.

SCANDAL of the N

THE JERRY-BU Para —And

Neville Chamberlain, Lord Amulree, and Dr. Addison — housing experts all. But the jerry-builder has found the loophole in all their schemes.

IN JOHN BULL'S first article exposing the scandal of the new houses we touched very briefly on certain elements which have helped the jerry-builder to make of England's green and pleasant land his bricks-and-mortar paradise.

We alluded particularly to the easy finance made available to him, some of it put up by less reputable building societies who, in their scramble for business and records in "assets" figures, do not bother overmuch about the status or competence of the builder with whom they do that business.

Now for some facts and instances.

According to the last Census of Production figures taken in 1930, when the boom in "owner houses" was getting into its stride, there were no fewer than 56,000 independent building firms.

That figure was an enormous increase on the previous Census, and it can be taken for certain that a further huge advance has occurred since then.

Out of the whole lot a mere 8,000 employed "ten or more persons." About 4,000 were too insignificant to be traced—one-man firms in the "wheelbarrow and ladder" stage, but quite likely good, sound builders of the traditional type.

It's easy

It is a fair assumption that among the remaining 30,000 most of the jerry-builders are to be found. They employ less than "ten or more persons" because they are speculators pure and simple.

All their labour is contracted out. They do not appear as direct employers.

Among them will be found the bulk of those who, as George Hicks, M.P., recently said, "have made the building industry their happy hunting-ground."

With no knowledge, no training and only a sure eye for the almost certain profits, they have flocked into the trade. Scarcely any capital is needed.

To quote one example which can be multiplied a hundred times:

Your budding jerry-builder gets an option on a field, takes it to his bank and receives an overdraft backed by a mortgage on that site.

This mortgage is usually based on the future value of the site *when houses are built thereon.*

He uses the overdraft for current expenses, wages, etc., while the houses are being built.

In the unlikely event of his finding an unresponsive bank, there are building societies who are only too ready to fill the breach with initial financing.

All the work is put out, of course, to sub-contractors in the various trades, and your jerry-builder may be lucky enough or clever enough to find sub-contractors who, for an extra consideration, will give credit on the wage bills.

In that case he needs initial capital still.

The snowball

As each house is erected and sold he uses the proceeds to pay on his borrowings and extend his operations. And so he goes on, snowball fashion, with his "schemes."

This "Alice-in-Wonderland" finance is the commonest feature of jerry-building to-day. It explains other matters besides how the jerry-builder gets his start and why some building is such an "easy money bet." It explains the prices of many of these future slums.

Their groaning rooftrees have to bear not only the builder's profit, *but also the interest on his various loans and borrowings*, in addition to the usual building society's mortgage interest.

It is also a more than possible explanation of one common complaint among the hosts of readers' letters which have reached us since this exposure began.

These particular letters, which all concern very small estates, are to the effect that the builders have steadily broken their promises about occupation dates. One woman writing from a Sussex building area states that she paid deposits four months ago on the promise that she was to "go in" in a fortnight. She gave up the tenancy of her council house and moved her furniture. But that furniture is still in store, and the woman and her family are living in rooms because the new house, four months after, has not even yet got its doors and windows in.

The simple explanation of her case and of the many similar is that the builder is refinancing himself, house by house, in the manner we have described. He just has not reached her house yet!

Sometimes this refinancing racket breaks down half way and the jerry-builder elects to "call it a day" and disappear, to reopen operations elsewhere under a new guise. Or he gets too short of money to supply the "gadgets" with which he has stocked the "show house" and on which he has "sold" the other houses which are in process of erection.

That fact explains the experience of another reader.

Consolation!

She bought a house eighteen months ago in a Kentish suburb. An elaborate kitchen larder-cabinet was displayed in the show house and the salesman showed her this in answer to her objections about the "pokiness" of the built-in larder in the house she was buying. She was given plainly to understand that the show-house fitments would be duplicated in the house in question.

But she has not got her wonderful kitchen-cabinet yet. The built-in larder has two small shelves, faces south and is so much a dust-trap that food cannot be kept in it.

When she protested to a representative of the builders, who, after much trouble, she had succeeded in tracing, she was told that there "was no more money in the firm." As an act of grace, however, they consented to supply a small wooden cupboard to keep the family's food in—the whole contraption worth a few shillings.

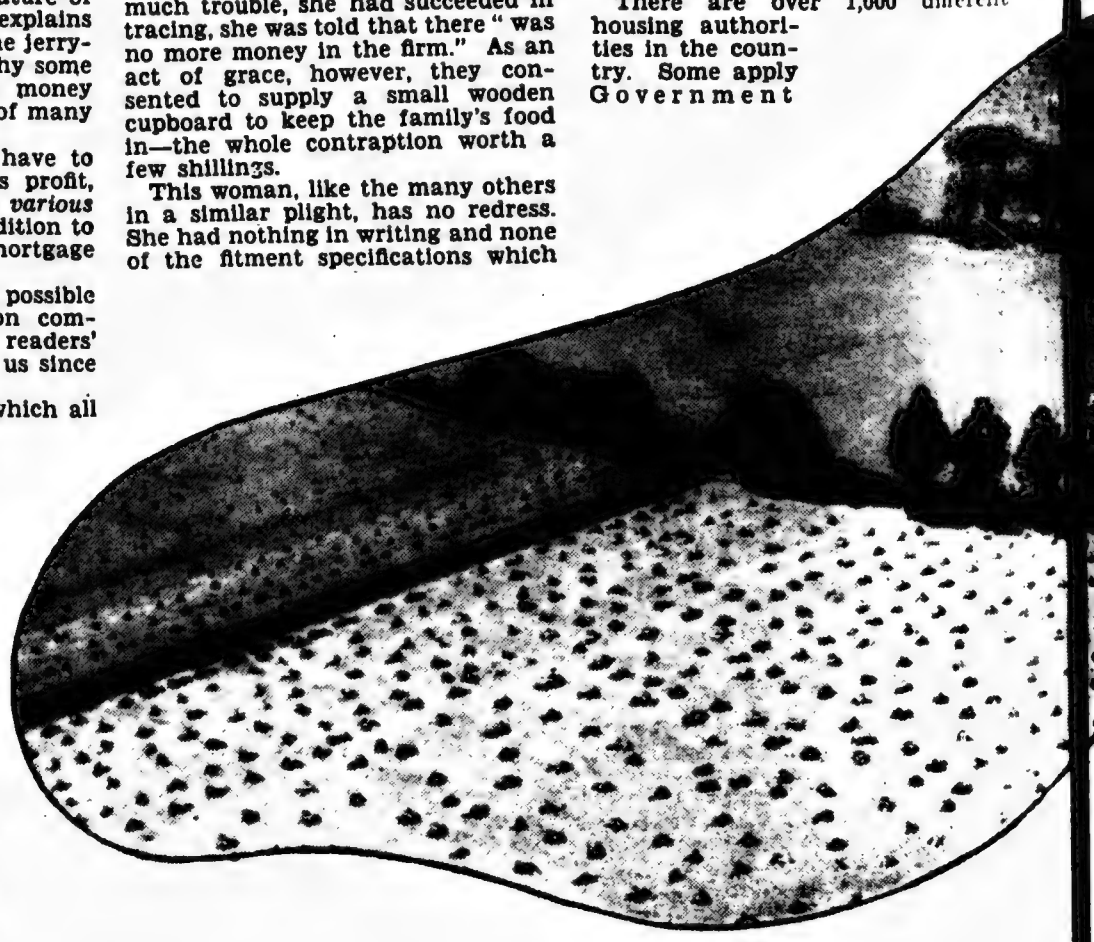
This woman, like the many others in a similar plight, has no redress. She had nothing in writing and none of the fitment specifications which any decent firm of builders supply, and adhere to, without question.

Incidentally this eighteen-month-old house has already disclosed leaking roofs, and chimneys so badly constructed that it was impossible to light a coal fire. Air bricks were choked or non-existent, so that the floors were always damp.

In the end she had to take her linos and the floor-boards up and then get at the choked air passages. The floor-boards underneath were found to be dripping with water. When she protested to the builders' representative he refused to bear any portion of the costs or damage. He merely cynically replied that "no doubt it had given her husband something to do in the evenings."

But this easy finance is not the only way in which this country has become a paradise for the jerry-builder. His profits are also built upon the most colossal chaos in housing legislation that any civilised country can show.

There are over 1,000 different housing authorities in the country. Some apply Government



NEW HOUSES

UILDER'S

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Acts in their entirety, some do not. Some have by-laws compelling plans to be submitted to them before building can be undertaken—some have not. Some have power to enforce their own by-laws and some, madly enough, have not. Finally, there are some councils, chiefly rural districts, which have no by-laws at all!

Into this wild hotch-potch has stepped the jerry-builder and he has made hay while the sun shines with a vengeance.

In areas which have by-laws the passing of plans is left to a sub-committee. If the whole of this country were scoured from end to end it would scarcely be possible to find more than one or two authorities where the committee have any knowledge whatsoever of building!

The work is always turned over to the local surveyor, and this harassed and usually overworked official has the sole job of interpreting and enforcing the host of regulations.

We have one case reported to us from a Lancashire area where a lot of building is going on, which illustrates what some of these officials are up against. The by-laws there specify a particular depth of concrete in the foundations. On a block of houses which are now erected, the surveyor was sent for when the "footings" were laid. He was shown the wooden framework into which the concrete was to be poured and he formally passed it as being of proper depth. As soon as his back was turned, however, the jerry-builder knocked out the top part of the framework, thus reducing the depth—and the amount of concrete to be used—by half, along the whole row of houses.

On another estate in the Manchester district the by-laws specify six-inch concrete "rafts" beneath the houses. This time the surveyor saw the "rafts" poured and made to the proper depth. He saw also that the "concrete" was really earth and rubble with hardly any cement.

Even after it had "set" it could be scraped up with a shovel. But the surveyor was helpless. The law merely talks about depth. It does not define strength, or lay down standards of materials and workmanship.

On another estate in the same district there is a block of four hundred houses erected a few years ago.

Half the "owner-occupiers" have left them, defaulted on their mortgages to the building societies concerned, and the houses are going derelict.

An architect brought specimens of the brick and wood work from these houses and photographs to JOHN BULL's housing investigator. He volunteered to remove any brick in any of that row of four hundred houses *with no other tool than a lead pencil*!

The by-laws of that district lay down a certain thickness of wall, but they say nothing about strength. The surveyor had no power to go beyond ensuring that they were of proper thickness. The same laws say that roof timbers must be of a certain section.

The surveyor saw to *that*, but he could not prevent the builder using rotten wood nor from constructing the pitch of the roof beyond weatherproof point.

So that now tiles have rotted, water has poured in, and the tenants have long decided to give up an unequal battle with the weather and repair bills.

If this is the kind of thing which can happen with regard to bare essentials like safety and sanitation, what is the jerry-builder's scope in connection with the other items of a house structure where no laws or standards yet apply?

The answer is, "Anything!" And the moral is—Choose your builder and get even *his* work vetted before you buy.

There is a terrible amount of apathy on the part of most authorities to the deficiencies of their housing by-laws.

Now and then, however, we find the case of a Council which has the courage to act. We would like to applaud, for instance, the recent action of the Matlock Urban Council.

They refused to connect a water supply to some new houses put up in the district *because the plans had never been submitted to them.* Although it was admitted that the Council had no by-laws to stop houses going up, the Chairman (Mr. L. G. Wildgoose) declared that he was quite unrepentant about this punitive action.

The quality of the houses is not in dispute in this instance. The point we make is that nowhere in this country should a house be erected without the approval of its plans by all the authorities.

And we wish there were more Councils like the Matlock Urban.

Rubbed their hands

All the Housing Acts since the war have done nothing to reduce the chaos of the law. If anything, they have added to it.

Dr. Addison and Mr. Neville Chamberlain have both been housing dictators for a while, and have sponsored huge schemes which, however, have totally failed to solve that most urgent of all problems. Lord Amulree's Committee makes no mention of it in its report, issued a few months ago. It has merely told the country *how many more houses* we want. Perhaps the jerry-builders rubbed their hands when the report appeared.

There is no complete housing law which applies to everybody in the country in the same way. There is no machinery of inspection, no standards of materials and construction which will ensure that the "little man" can get a sound house at a fair price. Yet it is only the imposition of such sane measures which will drive the jerry-builder out of his paradise.

Nearly five years ago Sir Harold Bellman, now Chairman of the National Association of Building Societies, wrote in JOHN BULL:

"If we are to save the next generation from a slum problem even worse than our own, if the purse and the health of the house-buyer are to be safeguarded, *the national and local legislation controlling house-building must be reinforced until it is no longer possible for the jerry-builder to return to business.*"

That was nearly five years ago! And how bitterly true is that warning and that prophecy to-day. For the jerry-builder *has* returned to business.

England's green and pleasant land—with milk and honey merely for the jerry-builder?

Our little Peggy's a new girl since we changed to Rowntrees!
Read Mrs. Vaughan's letter below
SHE SEEMS TO HAVE NO STRENGTH, YET, SHE HAS PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD
SHE'S AT THE BOTTOM OF HER CLASS AGAIN
LET'S TRY PEGGY ON ROWNTREE'S COCOA. READ WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR THESE CHILDREN
PEGGY'S DOING WELL AT SCHOOL NOW, DADDY—SHE'S SO MUCH STRONGER SINCE WE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S
"Peggy's a new girl since—"
writes Mrs. Vaughan, De Lacy Street, Preston.
"We were worried about Peggy, and the boy, too, seemed run-down. Then one day my husband showed me a Rowntree's Cocoa advertisement. We liked the idea of it helping digestion so that the body would get more good out of food. And it proved more than true. Our little Peggy's a new girl since we changed to Rowntree's and we now call it the family beverage, and all take it every day."
FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. XD2, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet, which includes many children's gifts.
5½d. per ¼-lb. tin
½-lb. tin, 10d.
ROWNTREE'S COCOA
ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories No. 116

MYSTERY of the DIAMOND CROSS

I WILL not pretend that mine was a thrilling life in the police force, from which I retired with the rank of sergeant five years ago. My entire service was divided between two village stations in a sleepy district in the West Country. I never had a murder case, and burglaries were so infrequent as almost to be a welcome diversion.

Curiously enough, my last enquiry was the only one which had a story behind it worth telling, although, for reasons which will be obvious, the facts never got into the newspapers.

I had cycled up to the old manor house of Blackyate, two miles from my village. An old lady, Mrs. Beaugarde, had died suddenly there. The doctor who had attended her for years had left a few days earlier on a cruise. Since his locum had not seen her before she died and could not therefore sign the death certificate, the formality of an inquest was necessary.

I had known Mrs. Beaugarde well, and her son, Captain Godwin Beaugarde, who was a bachelor and the only surviving member of the family, took me upstairs to see her for the last time. My attention was arrested by a diamond cross which lay on the old lady's breast. It was a beautiful thing, and absently I counted seven large stones in the setting of wrought silver.

"Seven large stones." Something stirred in my memory, and I felt vaguely that I had heard about this cross before. Apparently my expression betrayed my thoughts, for as we were descending to the smoking-room Captain Beaugarde remarked that I looked puzzled.

I assured him that I had nothing on my mind, and proceeded to take down the particulars for which I had called.

On my ride home from Blackyate Manor my recollection became clearer. The diamond cross seemed exactly to fit the description of a valuable piece of jewellery which had been reported stolen in rather unusual circumstances some years before.

❖

It was highly improbable that the old lady or the captain had committed theft, but you can never be sure, and it was clearly my duty to take the matter a bit further—as far as my county headquarters.

I went over there next day and reported to the superintendent. Together we looked up the files of the robbery. They contained, in addition to the usual description, a photograph of the missing diamond cross. That it was identical with the one now in the death-room over at Blackyate I had not the slightest doubt.

"A call on the original owner appears to be indicated," the superintendent said. "I shall ring him up and find if he is at home. If he is we shall drive over there now. You had better come with me."

The "owner," if such he should prove to be, Colonel Ralph Tremarvin, of Heron Priory, was at home and could see us in an hour's time. Our journey was fifteen miles from headquarters and on our way we discussed the details of the robbery.

It had happened in 1924. Colonel Tremarvin's only daughter was being married. There was a fine array of wedding gifts, for the families of both bride and bridegroom were among the best known and the wealthiest in the West Country.

One of the Colonel's gifts to his daughter was a diamond cross of great value. On the morning of the wedding the cross disappeared. Nothing else was stolen.

"There was a bit of a mystery about the theft," my chief reminded me. "The local police were called in by the butler, who, with one of the footmen, had discovered the loss. Colonel Tremarvin himself behaved rather strangely. He gave us all the particulars about the missing cross, but at the same time asked us not to circulate a description in the newspapers.

"He said he did not want any unpleasantness associated with his daughter's wedding Considering that the thing was worth a clean five thousand, and that the newspapers can be really useful in a case like that, his attitude seemed silly to me

"I suspected the butler myself. I questioned him severely, and he was too reticent for my liking. He was hiding something...." We had passed through the lodge gates of Heron Priory and were driving up the long avenue which led to the house.

"By the way," the superintendent said as the car drew up, "I shall not say anything about the old lady or Captain Beaugarde. It is just possible that we might be wrong, and it never pays the police to suspect the best county people. I shall content myself with throwing out feelers."

I had never been in Heron Priory before, but I had often heard it described as a "show place." It lived up to its reputation. I am no art expert, but even I could see that the furnishings were worth a couple of fortunes.

The place was a kind of glorified antique shop. Old masters were hanging everywhere, and Chippendale chairs were ten a penny. Every odd corner had some priceless ornament stuck in it.

❖

The Colonel was waiting for us in the library. A fine old fellow he was, the typical squire, and as affable as you make them. He poured a generous ration of whisky into cut-glass tumblers of curious design, from a marvellous decanter, encased in silver, that I would not have minded seeing on my own sideboard.

"Now, superintendent," he said, "what is your business this time? Poachers again?"

"Not quite," said my chief. "We are delving into some ancient history, I am afraid. It relates to the diamond cross which was stolen at your daughter's wedding six years ago. You have had no inkling of it since then, I suppose?"

The Colonel started slightly at the mention of the cross, and shifted on his seat. He recovered himself, however.

"You are a persistent body of men," he laughed. "They say the Canadian Mounties never lose their man, but neither does the —— Constabulary. I have forgotten all about the thing.

(Continued on page 26)

"It nearly spoilt our marriage"

Thank goodness I stopped being TIRED-OUT *before it was too late!*

"My husband and I were married just after the War. At first we were very happy together, but later the housework, and looking after a baby as well, tired me out, and gradually my nerves got worse and worse.

I PUT THE BLAME ON HIM

"About two or three winters ago I started having little rows with my husband — even over trifles. But at times he simply exhausted my patience. These little quarrels were soon over, but each one left its small trail of bitterness. They were spoiling our marriage.

"At first I put all the blame on him. I forgot that it takes two to make a quarrel. I didn't notice that gradually my nerves and temper were getting worse and worse. My husband never complained, but I did notice that he began to spend more of his spare time away from me.

MY SISTER WARNED ME IN TIME

"Then my sister came to supper. Little Kenneth spilt some gravy and I scolded him. After supper my sister said she had noticed a hurt look on my husband's face. 'You're run-down,' she said. She told me how doctor put her on to Hall's Wine when she was weak after Influenza.

"The very first wineglassfuls of Hall's Wine seemed to pour new strength into me. I've stopped feeling tired out, and everything's much happier now at home. It's silly for any wife to let herself get so tired out with work like I did." — *V. H., of Preston.*

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM NURSES

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives you. Hundreds of letters (open for inspection) from nurses who had been tired or run-down prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

QUICK NEW STRENGTH AFTER ILLNESS

After Influenza, Nerve Troubles, Bronchitis, Wasting Illness, Operations or Confinements — doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence.

How much less nervy this woman is —

I CAN'T FIND A THING IN THIS HOUSE. WHERE'D YOU PUT THAT BROWN TIE OF MINE ? CAN'T YOU PLEASE LEAVE MY THINGS ALONE !!!
IT'S HANGING UP WITH YOUR JACKET, DEAR. I HAD TO TAKE IT TO PRESS IT
I'M SORRY, DEAR. I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE PREVISH ABOUT THAT TIE
OH, DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, DARLING
DARLING, I DO ADORE YOU—THE WAY YOU NEVER LET MY TANTRUMS UPSET YOU
WELL, NO WOMAN GETS NERVY UNLESS SHE'S RUN-DOWN— AND I'M SO FIT THESE DAYS, JIM—SINCE I'VE BEEN TAKING HALL'S WINE

HALL'S WINE *STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN*

A TONIC FOR YOUR COMPLEXION..

Because its fine rich lather penetrates deeply and cleanses so thoroughly—because it has a wonderful tonic action on the skin—Pears Soap is truly Matchless for the Complexion. You can feel the effects of that thorough cleansing, that tonic action, the very first time you use Pears Soap. You can feel at once that your skin is more free to "breathe"—that it is toned up and refreshed. Such a soap *must* help in bringing greater clarity, a fresher bloom to your skin—*must* help in bringing loveliness.

Get a cake of Pears today. It costs only 4½d. and it lasts so long that it is the most economical of all good toilet soaps.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

TP 136 364

For a good lather and a comfortable shave use Pears Jif *Stick or Cream* FOR SHAVING 6D CREAM ALSO IN 1/- SIZE

"I stand for Quality!"

"Madam—you can only obtain soup of such quality and flavour by asking for Chef Soups, because I make them myself—I, who am a famous Chef. It is I who select the tender spring gathered garden vegetables. It is my hand that seasons and blends them into a delicious soup exactly as I prepare it for the greatest banquets."

"And you save money too, every time you ask for my Chef Soups, for I make them so highly concentrated that they *require* the addition of at least their own bulk of water. Every 4½d. tin thus makes five great plates—great platefuls of the most delicious soup you ever tasted—the proof is in the eating—so try them and judge for yourself."

CHEF TOMATO SOUP

4½D large tin, makes five great platefuls

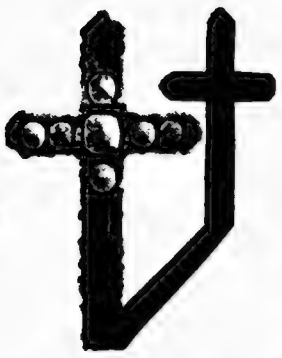
6D family tin, makes eight great platefuls

Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consommé, Chicken, Kidney

* Smart

MYSTERY OF THE DIAMOND CROSS

THE COLONEL'S SECRET



Have you a clue worth following?"

"It may be," said the superintendent cautiously, "but there is nothing very definite to work on so far. With your assistance the clue may become more tangible.

"The fact is that a servant girl who formerly worked over this way and had some knowledge of the ornament, from conversation with your own maids, told the sergeant here that she saw a lady wearing a cross which answered to the description.

"She is rather vague as to the identity of the lady, but we could no doubt trace the latter with your help."

"An old lady," asked the Colonel casually, "or a young one?"

"Youngish, apparently. I thought that if you still had a list of your guests it might be well worth while glancing over it."

"I have a list in a newspaper report," the Colonel said. "It is in my desk over there, I believe."

As he searched for the cutting he added: "Of course, it could not possibly be one of the guests. You will remember, superintendent, that I would not allow you to interrogate any of them."

"I do," said the super., drily. "You said you would much rather lose the diamond cross than suspect one of your guests. . . . There were over two hundred of them, too."

"And I am of the same opinion to-day," our host retorted, somewhat warmly, as he handed my chief the report of the wedding. "It is unthinkable, sir, unthinkable!"

"It has happened before, you know," the chief said imperturbably. He glanced down the list, mentioning a name here and there that caught his eye, and taking care to add after each one some such remark as: "Of course, it could not be him," or "She is above suspicion."

❖

One of the names he mentioned was that of Captain Godwin Beaugarde. At that the Colonel had a gulp of his whisky.

"Great fellow, Beaugarde," he exclaimed, "best rider to hounds in the county. Terribly sad about his mother's death. I heard of it this morning. . . . Wonderful woman. . . . Splendid chap. . . . Sweet soul. . . . Stout lad. . . ."

He went on praising the Beaugardes, mother and son in turn, for about ten minutes. There was a weary look in the superintendent's eyes as we took our leave.

"What do you make of it?" he said, when we were in the car. "Beaugarde was at the wedding, and Beaugarde looks like being in possession of five thousand pounds' worth of wedding-present. Yet the old man was desperately anxious to divert the faintest breath of suspicion from that quarter.

"I wonder if Beaugarde blackmailed Colonel Tremarvin over something or other and took the diamond cross in lieu of cash? Unlikely, but you never know. In any case, we must see the Captain. When is the funeral?"

"To-morrow," I told him. "The inquest will be in the morning at the house. It will not take more than ten minutes."

"Very well, I can come over the following evening. You had better tell Beaugarde to expect us."

If Captain Beaugarde was nervous about our visit he did not betray it when I spoke to him over the telephone on the morning after his mother's funeral. He was as charming as ever, and suggested that the superintendent and I should have a bite of dinner with him while we were there.

He did not ask what we wanted to see him about. That was suspicious, and I did not feel happy about the business. One could not help liking the captain, and I did not enjoy the prospect of having to arrest him. I felt that I would rather pass on the job to my successor, who would take over from me at the end of the month.

The superintendent was as uncomfortable as I when we sat down with the captain, but the latter put us at our ease.

"I think I know what you have come about," he said smiling, "and lest the suspense spoils your appetite, let me assure you that I am not coming back with you handcuffed. I'll tell you all about it over the port."

❖

He did, without beating about the bush.

"I knew that you, sergeant, had a feeling about the diamond cross when you called the other night," he began. "It is, as you suspected, the same as that which disappeared at the Tremarvin wedding.

"I thought that the facts of the case might be known confidentially at police headquarters, but apparently you know nothing. Since you have come, I have no option but to tell the story.

"The cross has been in my mother's family for centuries. She was, as you know, Italian. She inherited it as an only child. Early in the war it disappeared. . . ."

The captain hesitated, sipped his port thoughtfully and continued:

"My brother, who was, like myself, in the Army, apparently got into deep water during home leave following his recovery from wounds. There was some woman, no doubt. He took the cross and raised money on it, returning to France before it was missed.

"My mother suspected the truth, and said nothing. She was deeply wounded. A few weeks later he wrote to her confessing that he had pawned it for £500 through a fellow officer, and that he would clear the matter up on his first leave.

"Actually he had an allowance of about that amount due in a few months from our father's estate. He did not mention which firm had lent the money. A few days later he was killed.

The family solicitors tried to trace the cross but failed, for the ticket was lost with my brother. After the war I made further enquiries, but had no better luck.

"My mother herself ultimately found it. She had motored over to Heron Priory to see the presents on the day before the Tremarvin wedding, to which we were both invited. She recognised the cross, of which there is no duplicate in this or any other country.

"She said nothing to the friends who were with her. Always her fear that my poor brother's lapse would be revealed was uppermost. She told me, however, and I was determined to get to the root of the matter.

"I had discovered accidentally a certain piece of information during my previous enquiries which strengthened me in my resolve.

"On the wedding morning I interviewed the colonel at breakfast time. He dashed up to the room where the presents were laid out, sent the footman who was watching them on some errand and returned with the cross.

"He wanted to give it me for nothing, but I insisted on his taking a cheque for £500 which I had brought with me. Five minutes later the footman and the butler together discovered that the cross was missing and raised the alarm, the butler telephoning the police without waiting for instructions."

Captain Beaugarde smiled at the superintendent.

"Now you see why Colonel Tremarvin acted rather strangely after the alleged robbery, and did not seem to worry unduly over the loss of the wedding gift."

"I see only part of the way," said my chief. "Surely the colonel could have explained. . . . I see. . . . But you are not going to tell me that the squire of Heron Priory did not come by the thing honestly?"

"He came by it honestly enough. The point is that he did not stick to it quite so honestly. I am not suggesting anything illegal. He swore to me that he had not been told that enquiries were being made about it, and I had no reason to doubt him.

❖

"He certainly did not know that it belonged to our family. Our name had been kept out of the enquiries, and my mother wore it only occasionally at mass, and never on social occasions. But I think he was morally bound to have made some effort to trace the owners."

"I still do not understand."

"You will if you study the contents of Heron Priory next time you are over. The house is stacked with heirlooms, which the squire has a mania for possessing. And he has excellent opportunities for acquiring them cheaply.

"Colonel Tremarvin, of ancient lineage and all that, happens to be the secret controller of a thriving business. He is a pawnbroker."

continued from page 24

"The Greatest of These—"

ROUGH ROAD

Richard

THERE doesn't look much the matter with nine - year - old Richard, who appears to face life with a broad smile. But his ex-Service dad says that the boy has had every childish complaint it is possible to suffer, "from toothache to double pneumonia, when we carried him about on a pillow for nine months."

Richard is the eldest of three Welsh children. He has a sister aged seven, who broke her leg when she was knocked down by a motor-bike. She has suffered since with slight deafness. Another little girl, aged four, is a cripple, with a growth at the base of her spine, which, if operated upon, would prove fatal to the child. There was another baby who died last month aged nine weeks.

Unfortunate children! whose father's long run of unemployment has rendered still more unfortunate. Two years ago their dad underwent an operation which has left him unfit for heavy work. And their mother has not been strong since the birth and death of her last child.

On his slender unemployment pay Richard's father has had to meet so many extra expenses on account of sickness and the baby's death that he cries out with truth: "I am absolutely full of trouble, and my luck is dead out."

Richard and his family have trodden a rough road, and our readers would be doing a blessed thing if they would lead them to a smooth oasis where they could enjoy a little peace and refreshment by the way.

Donations earmarked "Richard," addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will afford this oasis, and donations intended for the general fund will help others whose luck is "dead out." They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

I KNOW OLIVE OIL'S SPLENDID FOR PREVENTING COLDS, DOCTOR—BUT MY CHILDREN WON'T TOUCH IT
MY YOUNGSTERS LOVE THE KIND THEY GET WITH SKIPPERS.
WELL, THERE ARE 18 TO 22 FISH IN A SKIPPER TIN!
BUT I'VE GOT FOUR—ALL WITH BIG APPETITES!

Whichever way you look at it Skippers give you wonderful value. In quantity, nearly four times as many fish as you usually get. In flavour, well, you only have to try these delicious little fish once to discover why they're called the tastiest meal that ever came out of a tin! In nourishment, too, Skippers take a lot of beating; for the pure olive-oil that goes with them builds up wonderful powers of resistance. Whether you shop for quality or for value—buy Skippers!

Skippers

This offer does not apply in the Irish Free State

FREE! Safety Can-Opener Safest thing ever invented. Simply clip on the tin, give an effortless twist, and the tin opens quickly, leaving a safely rounded edge. Send eight blue Skipper wrapper tops with your name and address to Dept. I, Angus Watson & Co. Limited, Southall, Middlesex, who will send you one free!

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IMPROVEMENT AFTER FIRST DRY-BRUSHING WITH KOLYNOS. TEETH LOOK BRIGHTER

Quicker Way to Make Teeth Whiter.

Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. A half-inch on a DRY brush morning and night will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look shades whiter—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface, banishing yellow streaks and stain. Thus your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury.

NOW 1/- (formerly 1/6)

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9

Ask your Chemist for particulars of handsome **Bathroom fitting FREE**

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

OH JUDY, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS INSTEAD OF MOPING ABOUT?
JUDY, DEAR—GET UP AND LET MRS POTTER SIT THERE
OH BOTHER!
JUDY WANTS A GOOD SPANKING!
OH, THAT WOULDN'T HELP! SHE DOESN'T MEAN TO BE TIRESOME. I THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG TO MAKE HER SO LISTLESS
IN THE PARK
HORLICK'S. MY DEAR—IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL FOR BUILDING UP GROWING CHILDREN. MINE USED TO BE SO LISTLESS AND IRRITABLE—BUT NOW
WHAT WAS IT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR CHILDREN, MRS POTTER?
THAT NIGHT
WHAT IS IT, MUMMY?
HORLICK'S, DARLING, TO MAKE YOU A BIG, STRONG GIRL
6 WEEKS LATER
JU-UDY !!!
COMING, MUMMY!

IT ISN'T THE CHILD'S FAULT

WHEN children are listless and irritable, like Judy, it is nearly always because they are outgrowing their strength. Mothers sometimes forget that children need twice as much energy, for their size, as grown-ups — for *growing* as well as for work and play.

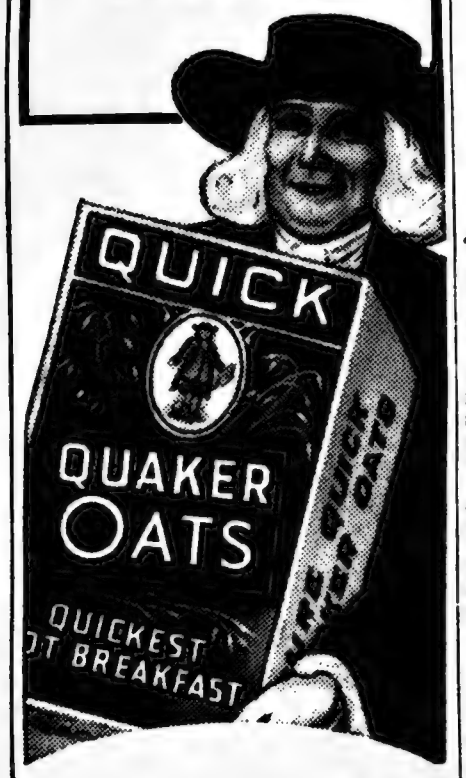
Horlick's given regularly to children for supper, and at mid-morning has all the vital elements for growth and *extra* energy. Children love it, and it makes them bright and sturdy. Economical, too — the milk is in it — add only water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 37.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WORK ON?



When you start out to work these winter mornings—in biting frost or muggy damp—what are you going to work *on*?

What do you have *inside* you to provide the extra energy you'll need? You owe yourself a hot, *cooked* breakfast—a Quaker Oats breakfast!

There's nothing like oats for energy, and there are no other oats in the world like Quaker Oats. Oats are nature's grandest contribution in the way of sheer nourishment, and as for Quaker: well, it's simply the pick of the world's oat crop, the finest oats milled, grown under ideal conditions.

No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can possibly give you the full benefit—the valuable body-building elements of Quaker—*plus* that glow of internal warmth and that delicious creamy Quaker flavour!

And look at the cheapness of it—40 large helpings in an 8½d. packet—or there is a smaller packet at 4d.

40 breakfasts for 8½d

(Except in Scotland & Northern Ireland)

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

If there is a problem in your life which you cannot solve alone, let Philip Inman help you. Your letter will be treated with the utmost confidence. Send a stamped envelope for reply. Address: "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each problem quoted on this page by

PHILIP INMAN

Girl WITH THE Past

The past is a hard taskmaster; it bars her way to present happiness, to future success

I HAVE been reading a number of letters recently from people with a "past," and I have come to two definite conclusions about these people. When a person has committed a wrong and received punishment for it, that should close the matter. It is neither law nor justice, and certainly not mercy, to expect a man to go on paying right through his life.

My second conclusion is this—children should not be made to suffer for the misdeeds of their parents. How often is it said with contempt, "Oh! his father was a thief," or "Her mother was a bad lot"? The mischievous assumption is, of course, that the children must be like their parents.

☆ ☆ ☆

Now, here is a story of "a girl with a past" that will, I think, evoke general sympathy. I give her letter just as I received it:

"With your great knowledge of life, and particularly of hospital life, I should be intensely grateful if you would help me. I am now twenty-seven, and ever since I can remember I have always wanted to be a nurse. I lost my parents when I was a child, and was brought up by an aunt, who took no interest in me and was, I know, secretly glad when at the age of twenty I entered —— hospital as a probationer nurse.

"I would like to skip over what followed as it is still a horrible nightmare to me. Briefly, I had to leave hospital in disgrace because I got into trouble with a man to whom I had become engaged. It was only when it was too late that I discovered that he was already married and had two children.

"During the last six years it has been a hard struggle to keep going. The man responsible for my condition left me and my aunt refused to help me. Three years ago I was fortunate to obtain a position as a nurse-companion to an old gentleman, who has since died.

"Now my little boy has been legally adopted, and I would give anything to be able to resume my training so that I can become a qualified nurse. I have written to three hospitals asking for application forms, but on each of them it says 'Have you had any previous nursing experience?' If I say 'Yes,' they will want details, and that will finish it—if I say 'No,' and it should leak out, I should probably be instantly dismissed.

"Doctors and nurses, as you know, move about from one hospital to another, and it is quite possible that I may meet somebody who knew me in the past. What shall I do? Please, Mr. Inman, do help me to make good."

☆ ☆ ☆

My readers will, I know, share the sympathy I feel for this girl. And it would be a great joy to me if I could assist her to "make good."

Now I think that the first step is for this girl to see her old matron and place all the facts before her, tell her simply and sincerely the story that she has told me. I am sure such an interview would lead to some practical result. It is unlikely that this girl would be allowed to resume her training at that hospital, nor do I think it wise for her own sake that she should do so, but it would be possible to give her an introduction to another institution.

And the matron's recommendation would be invaluable to her. If it could serve any useful purpose, I should also be glad to have a word with the authorities of this girl's old hospital. But I do think it would be wise if the first approach came from herself. I cannot believe that an appeal on these grounds would fail, but if it did I would then give my correspondent the name and address of a nursing association which would, I know, help her to rehabilitate herself.

It is obvious that her heart is set on nursing. It would be a thousand pities if, because of one lapse, she should be denied from carrying out her life's work. I have a good deal of sympathy, too, with my second correspondent. As her letter shows, she is also haunted by a ghost from the past. Here it is:

"I am a married woman and the mother of four boys—the eldest one sixteen and the next just turned fourteen. When I was a young girl of fifteen I got into bad company, and although I never touched a thing of what they stole, I knew what they were doing, and we all got three months' imprisonment.

"That is just twenty years ago, but it is fresh in my memory to-day, and now that my boys are growing into manhood I feel it very keenly. I live in dread of somebody telling them about it, and of them coming to ask me if it is true. I also worry in case they should get into any similar trouble. I urge them to mind what they are doing and to come home in good time at night.

"They look at me and say: 'Well, mum, you are always telling us the same thing. What do you think we will do when we are out?' Would you advise me to tell my boys my past, or should I keep it buried from them? Their father knows, for I told him before we were married, but he has never breathed it since. I hate to bring it fresh to his mind, and for that reason I am appealing to you."

☆ ☆ ☆

There are two important facts to bear in mind in connection with this problem. The trouble occurred twenty years ago, and it happened when this correspondent was a mere child of fifteen. It seems a scandal that at so young an age, and for what was apparently a first offence, she had to serve a sentence of three months' imprisonment.

Now, there can be only two reasons why this woman should tell her children of this unfortunate episode in her life. The first is that it may act as a warning to them—the second, in case some evilly disposed person should inform her boys.

Let us look at reason No. 1. This woman is worrying dreadfully lest anything of the same nature should happen to them; but why should these boys get into trouble? They have undoubtedly a good mother, and though I am not told much about him, I imagine a good father as well. Not once in all their married life has he ever reminded or reproached his wife for that lapse of years ago. That is a very fine trait in his character.

Now this woman is quite right in warning her children against the pitfalls and temptations of life, but she must be careful not to overdo it. Constant repetition of anything makes it commonplace. Young people like to be trusted, and the finest safeguard of all is to make the affection between them so strong that the child will take great care to do nothing that will cause pain or disgrace to his parent.

This woman's second worry is whether somebody will tell her boys about her past. If there is any danger of that, then it would be much wiser and better for her to tell them herself. She could do it far more kindly and tactfully herself than allowing an outsider to tell it to them, for spiteful folk have a nasty habit of painting a story of this kind as black as possible.

If, however, this correspondent lives in a different neighbourhood and she knows of nobody who is aware of what happened all those years ago, then from everybody's standpoint I think it would be a good thing to let sleeping dogs lie.

I spoke a moment ago of evilly minded people. Here is a typical example of the kind of thing I mean. This letter is also from a mother, who tells me:

"Eleven years ago I was brought up at the local police court on a charge of stealing, and I was put in the care of the lady probation officer for two years. At the time I had two small children, but they are now both growing up, and one of them is out at work. I have never told either of them of my disgrace, as I hoped it would die down with the passing of time, but my elder girl has a friend who has told her all about it, and the other day my daughter asked me if it was true.

"I quickly turned the talk round to something else, but I am worrying in case she asks again. Do you advise me to tell her about it, as I do not want to tell her a lie, or do you think I should see her friend and ask her to keep my secret?"

☆ ☆ ☆

I am afraid I do not understand the last sentence in my correspondent's letter. What is the use of asking that friend to keep her secret? The damage has already been done.

Now, in reading through this letter there are two things that strike me. This woman talks about her elder daughter's "friend." Friend indeed! What other object could this particular person have in mind save the blackening of her friend's mother? The second thing is this—now that this daughter knows the truth I cannot see any object in not telling her the facts. An air of mystery makes a thing far worse than it actually was.

My correspondent was probably taken unawares when the question was put to her, but it seems a pity that she did not reply: "Yes, what you have heard is true, but I was young and inexperienced at the time. I have never ceased to be sorry for my wrong-doing." I advise this woman to have a talk with her daughter on these lines. After all, she has this knowledge—that for the last eleven years she has done her duty by her home and her children.

There are some people who go from bad to worse after they have once made a slip. This mother has recovered, and more than recovered, the ground she lost. There may be some disgrace in falling, but it requires great strength of character to rise again.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Look for the cause of most dull, dingy teeth—and you'll find it at the dining-table! For it's a scientific fact that food stains teeth. Not just one or two foods—but everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves its mark on our teeth. All told, there are seven different kinds of stains—seven deadly enemies of tooth brilliance.

Most toothpastes—because they have only one cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains. But Colgate's, because it has two cleansing actions, completely frees your teeth of all of them.

First, Colgate's emulsive action loosens and washes many of the stains away. Then, Colgate's polishing action removes the more stubborn ones. Try this double action dentifrice, and see for yourself the amazing difference in your teeth ten days from now.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Beverages.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Vegetables.
7. Tobacco smoke.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TWO SIZES 6D & 1/-

TWO HOUSES . . . TWO HOUSE-PROUD WOMEN . . . but a glance showed which used Persil

Mrs. Green never thought she would be ashamed of her curtains . . . then a new neighbour came!
Mrs. Walters knew hers would do her credit, because Persil kept them so brilliantly white.

WHY does Persil make things so much whiter? Simply because Persil's gentle soap and oxygen action draws out all the rubbed-in dirt that ordinary washing can never reach. Use Persil your next washday, and then compare the results with the linen left in your drawer.

And Persil is just as good for silks and woollens; because Persil cleanses so gently it's utterly safe for everything.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 484-71-65 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

Too many fags. Throat that's rasping. Smoke your gaspers free from gasping.

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

3D & 6D in flat tins 2½D. per ounce

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

CAN MEN AND WOMEN LIVE TO 150?

Has science discovered the lost secret of Methuselah? An Oriental herb which stimulates the ductless glands and positively brings new vigour, new life, new strength, which ends depression, anæmia, melancholia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness and loss of power. Write for an amazing free booklet, to International Laboratories, 205, Smedley St., S.W.8.

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A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

"After distemper my dog was so ill that I despaired of his life," writes Mrs. A. S. of Mold. "I conditioned him with Bob Martin's and they made him into a fine healthy dog. He gets them every week-end now and he's always fit and in good coat."

IF you want your dog to have a long and healthy life you must condition him correctly. There are no pores in a dog's skin to carry away impurities from the bloodstream, and if you neglect to condition him, blood impurities will make his life miserable with such disorders as continual scratching and loose coat. Give him a Bob Martin's Condition Powder at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday. Then he will always be fit, and with rich pure blood he will grow a lovely winter coat.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

9 powders 6d.; 21 powders 1/-

POLISH THEM DAILY

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear...
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
and notice the difference!

CB-TS-22

Disorder *in the* GALLERY

HIGH up in a gallery of the House of Commons, that is so situated that it is in the direct line of vision of the eagle eye of the Speaker, sits the Great British Public—or the 150 of them the officials of Parliament can accommodate there at a pinch.

Except on very rare occasions, they sit there imperturbable and unmoved, a model to audiences the whole world over.

They are the evidence, in our own Parliament, of the stolid and phlegmatic qualities of our race.

Yet sometimes friction on the floor of the House produces fire in the gallery, and one wakes up to the fact that those tall figures in evening dress, with chains hanging over their shoulders, who stand like granite pillars at the back of the Strangers' Gallery, as this balcony for visitors is called, are not entirely there for decoration.

When traditional British calm breaks they fling themselves on an interrupter, the spotlessness of their white shirts notwithstanding, and bear him away, attaching more importance to cupping a hand over his mouth to silence him than to anything else.

Uniformed help is rallied from the passages outside—nowadays in the shape of members of the new Corps of Custodians who are replacing the policemen formerly employed—and when that arrives it doesn't matter if all the 150 occupants of the gallery go fighting mad, for the result is the same. Out they go!

And then, whatever M.P. is on his feet goes on speaking—usually with the preface, "As I was saying . . ." just as if nothing had happened.

Pitched out

Last week, infuriated men and women screamed down such insults as "Baby starvers!" on the heads of the members below, and the pandemonium that reigned for twenty minutes was only ended by pitching fifteen people out bodily and ordering the other 135 to leave at once.

But soon the work of the House was progressing as if nothing had happened.

Twenty times in the history of the present Government there have been "disorders in the Strangers' Gallery," as every kind of outburst is called. This is a record, except in such stormy years as those of the Suffragette disturbances. Never before has the bare, cell-like room in the Clock Tower, where interrupters are incarcerated until the rising of the House, and which was altogether too small to accommodate the people who took part in last week's disturbance, been so frequently occupied.

The Black List of people who may never again be admitted within the precincts of Parliament—no interrupter can leave until he has furnished his name for inclusion on this list—has grown accordingly.

Although angry passions have flamed up in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, yet never, to the knowledge of the officials, has any lethal weapon found a way there. It says a lot for the sanity of the British public.

The only gun that has been fired there, officials will tell you, was a pop-gun, which exploded with a loud report during a Home Rule debate just before the war.

Several M.P.s jumped up startled. Two doctor members of the House rose urgently and advanced in their best professional manner, ready to give any assistance that might be required. The officials in the gallery rushed forward to seize a young man who held in his hand a gaily-coloured toy from which a cork was hanging at the end of a string!

And nobody laughed. "As I was saying . . ." said the speaker who was on his feet, and the only "gunman" the present Houses of Parliament have known went out tamely.

Then there was a bomb—the only bomb the House of Commons has ever known. It was flung while Mr. Asquith was speaking just before the war, apparently at his head. It soared in the air to the alarm of members around, and, to their joy, missed by yards. Bursting noiselessly, it sent its cloud of white smoke billowing in all directions.

Flour! Parliament's only bomb had been bought for sixpence at a baker's.

The most dramatic scene the gallery has ever known occurred during the Suffragette days.

In those days women visitors were seated away from the men, and the eyes of members were frequently drawn up to those seats by a shrill cry of "Votes for Women!" and the din of an excited woman who was being forcibly removed.

Then one day, not one but a dozen shouts of "Votes for Women!" rang through the House, and the evening-dress officials who rushed to the spot found that the interrupters had handcuffed themselves to the grille separating the gallery from the House.

The combined strength of all the attendants failed to break those heavy chains.

Soldier's leap

And so members, for the first time in the history of the Commons, had to listen to the gallery; while hack-saws were brought to cut the chains.

Many M.P.s recall a leap by a soldier during the war from the Strangers' Gallery to the floor of the House—a sufficient drop, one would imagine, to break his legs. But the man was uninjured.

He adopted this dramatic method of drawing attention to the shortage of steel helmets at the front.

Two years ago three people showered "Stop War Preparations" leaflets from the Strangers' Gallery. One young woman tight-roped along the front of the gallery, dropped into a lower gallery, and finally rushed half the length of the House, dropping leaflets all the time.

If you whisper, shuffle, s'out, these are the men who will throw you out—the Custodians of the Houses of Parliament

The funniest incident was when a young man who didn't know what rigid control was maintained over visitors uttered a polite "Speak up!" to the M.P. who was speaking.

The House was aghast. And when he mistook its chilly silence as a sign that they wanted to hear what he had to say, and began a speech referring to the acoustics of the House and the difficulty of hearing what was said, they broke into laughter which didn't end until he had been escorted to the very gate!

Competition!

There have been shouted interruptions galore. Once the gallery crowd tried to hold a little meeting of its own in Westminster Hall—and ended its deliberations on the pavement.

But not even the wildest member of Parliament will offer a word of encouragement to a recalcitrant spectator, whatever liberties he may take himself.

Once some constituents of Charles Bradlaugh asked for his co-operation in creating a disorder, feeling that if any man would give such support he would. But Bradlaugh snubbed them immediately. He was going to be no party to abusing the confidence the House invested in its visitors, he said.

And that was that!

No, "Disorder in the Strangers' Gallery" is the exception rather than the rule.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

LEEDS MERCURY:—"It might truthfully be said Leeds won the tie on the SWINGS."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"The Marshal searched his pockets, but could only find a TWO-LITRE piece."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"——— the clever North Shields boxer, secured another notable success when he OUTJOINTED ———."

LUDLOW (SALOP) ADVERTISER:—"The bride left in a dark red morocain dress under a broad-tail fur COT."

FIFE FREE PRESS:—"For some time past the company had garaged certain MUSES in the yard."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Postal officials were warned of the theft of a department van containing a POSTMAN'S uniform."

THE SOUTHPORT GUARDIAN:—"Defendant had an electric LIMP in his hand."

PETERBOROUGH STANDARD:—"Mr. ——— had a bad spill while his HOSE was jumping some timber."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"And with his missionary enthusiasm makes his pulpit a living FARCE."

WEST LANCASHIRE FOOTBALL GAZETTE:—"In the first MINUET Cardwell had to clear."

THE TIMES:—"New Motor Lifeboats—All three BOOTS will be finished about the end of the year."

NEWNES PRACTICAL MECHANICS:—"The smoke for making the rings is produced by soaking two pieces of blotting paper in strong HYDRAULIC acid."

The OXO Habit

OXO is a *protective* food. It raises resistance to cold, fatigue, and ill-health—gives new vigour of mind and body—reinforces the constitution. That is why the OXO habit is invaluable, especially in these trying months.

Proved! by Millions, in Millions of Homes

OXO is the "Housewife's Help-meat"—as much at home as bread and butter! It adds the strength and flavour of Beef to all meat dishes. OXO encourages a healthy appetite and digestion—makes other foods more nutritious—more tasty. Keep yourself, and yours, well supplied.

An OXO a day—keeps illness at bay

10/35

CHEST COLD REMOVED OVERNIGHT!

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole guarantee:

Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.

Simply rub on this clean, stainless ointment. You'll feel its glowing, healing warmth doing you good at once. It's this "deep healing" which is the secret. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it, you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Money back Guarantee. **If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., 4, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.**

A Westcliff-on-Sea user says:—

"I am writing to tell you how much my family and I have benefited by your wonderful preparation, Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is truly remarkable how the most stubborn chest cold yields before it. I really believe that Musterole is infallible."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after FLU and COLDS.

IT COSTS YOU LESS

TO BUY THE BEST

Insist on

100 VOLTS 5/- 66 VOLTS 3/6
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"Hardly slept for 3 years"

TERRIBLE COUGHING ended by FAMEL SYRUP

If you want dramatic evidence that Famel Syrup does put an end to chronic coughing, however stubborn and violent, read this letter from Warrington. It is of absorbing interest to all who suffer :—

Dear Sir,

Having been told to try Famel Syrup I got a 1/6 size. I have had asthma for nearly three years. The doctor told me it might go when baby was born, but she is now two years old, and the cold went worse instead of better. I didn't know what it was to have a good sleep, couldn't walk for gasping for air. I went so thin, I was a perfect wreck, gradually growing worse and worse. Then I tried this wonderful remedy. I only got a small size, but after half the bottle I could lie down for a good night's sleep. It has been a godsend to me, getting to know this Famel Syrup. It is bucking me up wonderfully—I would never have believed I could have felt so well so quickly. I am telling everyone I meet and will keep on doing so.

Yours truly,

Mrs. E. S., Warrington

HOW FAMEL SYRUP DOES IT

Famel Syrup is not an ordinary cough mixture. It is a scientific product made to an original formula ; many doctors and sanatoria all over the world prescribe and recommend it. Famel Syrup attacks coughs, catarrh, influenza and bronchitis in a new way. It is absorbed right into the body and carried by the blood-stream to the centre of the infection—destroying the evil germs instead of deadening the symptoms. When you take Famel Syrup you are taking Nature's most powerful germ-killing remedy *in a new form*. Previously you could only inhale this natural enemy of coughs and colds. Now you strengthen and fortify your own blood with it, so that the germs can *all* be attacked from within. Do *you* suffer? Do you know anyone who has a stubborn, unyielding cough? Famel Syrup will bring relief at last.

IT GETS TO THE ROOT OF YOUR COUGH

FAMEL

[1/6 2/3 (triple quantity)] Brand SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists

Distributors: Wilcox Jozeau & Co. Ltd., 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.

Where Women are MEN!

YOU may never have heard of it, but there is one little bit of the world that is "run" by women.

There life as we know it is completely reversed. The women, as the saying goes, "wear the trousers." They hold the purse and dole out the "housekeeping money" to the men, who are generally to be found at home, pottering about the house, giving an eye to the children—there are always plenty of *them*—cooking the dinner and doing such other domestic jobs as their simple life demands.

The women till the fields, sell their produce in the market places, manage the native shops, and generally run the trade of the island. Indeed, but for the need for "fathers," they could do without the men altogether.

These, then, are the women of Bali, an enchanting little tropical island near Java in the East Indies, and one of the "show places" for tourists in that part of the world.

On the farms it is women who do all the work in the fields; they arrange about the sowing and cultivation of crops and attend to the raising of their pigs and goats.

They plough the rice fields, generally with oxen, and then sow the seed. In the early stages of its growth, rice, which is one of the chief products of the island, must be kept under water sometimes two or three feet deep for nearly six months. During that time the women may be seen regularly wading nearly waist high in the water while they stir up the mud in the paddy fields.

A Bali woman of noble birth

A dangerous job

When the grain is ripe the women harvest it. So successful are they that Bali rice is generally considered to be the best grown in the Malay Archipelago. They work the sugar plantations, grow coffee, tobacco and all sorts of tropical fruits and vegetables.

It is the women, too, who gather the bananas and coconuts. Carrying a strong knife between their teeth they climb up the straight trunks of the coconut palms, which are sometimes sixty or seventy feet high.

Arrived at the top, they fasten their legs securely round the trunk and then proceed to cut down the nuts, which are allowed to drop to the ground. A dangerous job this, needing great skill.

Perhaps the women allow the men to carry their goods to market? Not a bit of it! On market days you will see a steady stream of lithe young women on any of the country roads bearing on their heads great baskets of breadfruit papaws, mangoes, passion fruit, or peanuts.

They have a remarkably skilful way of packing the fruit and vegetables into the flattish sort of baskets they use for this purpose, until it reaches a kind of pyramid two or even three feet high. In this way they carry loads of as much as 50 lb.

Having carried their goods to market—perhaps over a distance of several miles—it is the women who sell them from the picturesque stalls, which are protected from the tropical sun by thick thatches of straw.

No dress problem

In the whole of the busy market places hardly a man is to be seen. The women display the same keen love for bargaining shown by all Orientals; they will haggle over the price of their wares with no regard for time, until they are quite satisfied that they are getting the best possible price

In the bazaars, again, women sell you the native pottery and the trays and household ornaments made of brass and silver. They offer you, too, the beautiful native cloth, handwoven of cotton or silk in rich colourings and artistic designs, often elaborately interwoven with gold and silver thread.

It is from this cloth that the Balinese woman makes her one garment. Perhaps one reason she has so much energy to devote to work is that none of her time is absorbed in keeping pace with fashions in self-adornment.

In Bali there are no dress problems. Fashions never change. What grandmother wore is good enough for the young women of to-day, and is all very simple—just a straight piece of cloth wound round the waist to form a kind of skirt which drops to the ankles. Except on ceremonial occasions, most of the women wear nothing above the waist.

In spite of the very hard work they do, these women have handsome figures and are unusually beautiful. The lovely poise of the head, the dark glossy skin, and, above all, the graceful rhythmic walk, are charms which never fail to command your admiration—if you happen to be a visitor to Bali.

Good-time husbands

There are women priests in the island, and they take an important part in all religious ceremonies. At the open-air religious festivals, which are accompanied by much feasting, the women and young girls play a leading part, particularly in connection with the elaborate dances which are staged.

From the age of about four years the girls are taught to dance; their training is so intensive that by the time they are eight or ten years old many of them can take leading parts in these ceremonies.

* * *

And what do the men do? They, actually, are mostly characterised by their excessive love of gambling, and outside the front door of every hut is a row of cages in which fighting cocks are kept.

The fights themselves are one of the chief entertainments of the village. The pedigree and history of the birds are as carefully followed as that of horses by enthusiastic followers of racing in this country. And the betting on the respective chances of the combatants in any particular encounter is always extensive.

Though the women take a certain amount of interest in the matches they seldom gamble on them. With the natural practical instincts of their sex, they prefer to see their money laid out on something of more lasting value.

Husbands are really very well looked after in Bali, but it is not surprising that the women, having earned the money, object to seeing so much of it squandered on gambling.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Out to Break Records

OF the three horses for the Lincolnshire Handicap put up in these notes last week, I like best Commander III, in preference to Spirituelle II and British Quota.

The official compiler of the weights has given Briscoe's charge 8 st. 13 lb. I estimated the weight as 8 st. 11 lb., so there is not much at which to grumble.

The big "if" is: What are the odds against Briscoe winning the Lincoln and the National?

I do not think any trainer has ever landed both prizes in the same year.

George Poole nearly succeeded a few years ago. Senhora was pipped on the Carholme and Shaun Spadah won the National for him.

Several correspondents have informed me that Golden Miller has not been treated fairly for next month's big event. The art of handicapping is to give every horse a chance, and, in their opinions, the "Miller" has been too highly penalised.

I do not agree. It seems to be overlooked that when a comparatively young 'chaser, carrying 12 st. 2 lb., Golden Miller knocked seconds off the then best time for the race.

Miss Paget's grand 'chaser has filled out since last March and is a bigger and stronger horse.

If the going is again good, he may beat last year's figures.

Golden Miller, as I regard him, is an Aintree smasher, and I look to last year's winner to enhance his already great reputation as a 'chaser.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 7, to Wednesday, February 13.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: SP9498F94W would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. D94Z29507W9894 would read MELLBURNE.

HE'S A DIFFERENT MAN—

...ow that he sleeps well!

Here's a letter from a business man:

"After a very hard and high-pressure day at the office I always used to feel too excited and alert to manage to get to sleep peacefully. A few weeks ago, however, I tried Bourn-vita for the first time, and I am pleased to be able to say that I sleep far better than I ever did in my life. In the morning I feel fit and ready for any kind of work . . . and at night I am always fit for dances, cinema, etc. . . . I feel so pleased that I have at last an ideal tonic drink." — F. W. L.

★ Read below *how* Bourn-vita gives this wonderful help.

Last night's Bourn-vita is helping him now!

★ **YOU TOO** can get the same help from Bourn-vita. It helps to digest your other food, and thus enables you to get better sleep, and to wake up thoroughly refreshed and full of energy. Bourn-vita is also a very nourishing food — a delicious combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate.
Start a course of Bourn-vita this very night.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

THE FOOD-DRINK for DIGESTION SLEEP AND ENERGY

"I KNEW I WAS SAFE GETTING BONDMAN ... it's always fresh!"

Experiment—experience—tobacco purchase and blending . . . all that goes to make a good tobacco goes for nought if you receive your tobacco out of condition. When you buy **BONDMAN TOBACCO** you are certain of a smooth, cool, slow-burning smoke. **Bondman Tobacco, packed in Vacuum Sealed Tins,** is always fresh. Try an ounce of this fragrant, full-flavoured tobacco to-day.

LLOYD'S

BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS
10d PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
11½d PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

SAFETY FIRST!

This is not

BUT REMEMBER

SHARP'S the WORD and SHARP'S the TOFFEE We like best of all

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

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BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

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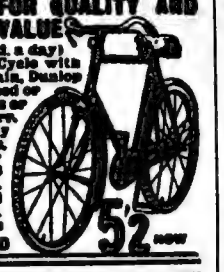

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that You ought to possess.

"You and Your Home" is a wonderful Guide to Home Happiness. A free copy is waiting to be sent to you. Fill in the coupon on page 12 and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp, or write mentioning *John Bull*, to Drage, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.), 73-77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

CHILBLAINS?

Instant Relief Guaranteed.

Don't suffer the agonies of Chilblains for one more day. Get a tube of Chilliline and rub this soothing preparation on the affected parts. Instantly all itching will be banished and the soreness will completely disappear. Continue this for a few nights and your Chilblains will be completely cured. Chilliline prevents that distressing and dangerous stage of Chilblains—the bursting. You can have every confidence that Chilliline will *cure* your Chilblains, just as it has those of other sufferers for the past thirty years. If you suffer from Chilblains each winter you can prevent a recurrence by rubbing in Chilliline each night. Let this winter be absolutely free from Chilblains. From all Chemists 1/3, or by post 1/5 from Osborne, Bauer and Cheeseman, Ltd., 42, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

The SAFEST Help for
BABY'S COLDS

The Surest Help for Daddy's

Thousands upon thousands of mothers depend on Vick brand Vapour-Rub because it checks children's colds so quickly—and because it is used *externally*, thus avoiding all risks of upsetting delicate little stomachs.

Yet its powerful two-way action checks the stubbornest colds of adults in the same quick way. And no wonder! When just rubbed on, it "draws out" tightness from the chest like an old-fashioned poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapours are inhaled with every breath—to ease the breathing and to fight the cold right where the cold fights you... in the nose, throat and lungs.

For all the colds of all the family—from baby's sniffles or night coughs, to mother's and dad's deep chest-colds and sore throats—you can depend on Vick brand Vapour-Rub for quick relief.

"Just Rub It On"

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

Tired Out Before You Start!

"Fatigue" is caused by waste matter accumulating in muscles during work. If you start the day tired, or are too easily fatigued, it is because your muscles are permanently loaded with waste from stagnated intestines.

YOU NEED Beecham's PILLS

Sold Everywhere.

Should the National Anthem be CHANGED?

by EDITH PICTON-TURBERVILLE

M.P. for The Wrekin in the last Government

A GERMAN tourist the other day went up to a policeman in Piccadilly Circus. Shooting up his right arm, he said, "Heil, Hitler! Will you please direct me to Trafalgar Square?" The policeman, coming to the salute, replied, "God save the King! Down the Haymarket and turn to the left."

A smart man that policeman, like so many of them.

"God save the King" will be echoed again and again in millions of hearts throughout the Empire—or perhaps to be more strictly correct the British Commonwealth—during this year of grace 1935.

When I stood for Parliament in 1924 quite frequently the question was put to me by a stupid person—there are always many stupid people in every audience—"are you loyal to the King?" My reply was always the same: "I have yet to learn that membership of the Labour Party means disloyalty to the King."

"So bloodthirsty"

This is the twenty-fifth year of His Majesty's reign, and the Labour Party, in conjunction with all other Parties, celebrate the event with joyful congratulations to the King.

The National Anthem will be sung again and again with fervent loyalty by millions. That brings me to the thought of the National Anthem.

An incident happened the other day which set me thinking once again on the suitability of the words of the National Anthem. After a meeting at a provincial town, the kind of meeting that generally ends with "God save the King," the lady at the piano said, "Of course, we will close with the National Anthem."

"Oh, please not," replied a middle-aged man, "it is so bloodthirsty."

He had his way.

Now if this man had been a Communist, or even an ardent Pacifist, one would not have been very surprised at his words. But he was neither of these things. During the war he had been in the trenches in the front line and often "gone over the top."

I confess I do not like the words of the National Anthem. They are archaic. It is not only the second verse that is unfortunately worded.

Ridiculous assumption

While we all desire that the wishes expressed in the National Anthem should be fulfilled with regard to the King, there are nevertheless feelings expressed in the verses of the National Anthem that simply do not express the feelings of people to-day.

That our King may live and reign long, that God may pour upon him His choicest gifts, that he may defend our laws, is the prayer of the nation.

But why should it be taken for granted that we are always surrounded by enemies, bitter enemies who desire our destruction? Why pour out a prayer that they may be confounded, when in these days we do all we can to see that they simply do not exist?

The National Anthem takes for granted that we are surrounded by enemy nations, in spite of the fact that the King himself at the opening of practically every Parliament announces that his relations with other nations are friendly and peaceful.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all . . .

This ridiculous assumption that we are always surrounded by enemies desiring our destruction makes for war-like feeling inimical to the efforts made to-day for world peace.

But, it will be said, after all the verse is seldom sung, so why worry? The first verse that is sung merely prays that the King may be saved.

Even in the first verse there is an unreal, false assumption:

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious."

Here it is assumed that victory brings happiness and a sense of glory in its train. It doesn't. Distress and poverty in defeated nations brings distress and poverty to the victorious nation. We may be a little less distressed than the vanquished, but certainly not "happy and glorious."

A finer anthem

But must we have a National Anthem?

Of course. But why not alter the words so that all can sing them with enthusiasm and real feeling?

These are the verses of a hymn sung in church the very evening I heard our National Anthem objected to because it is "bloodthirsty":

Lord, while for all mankind we pray
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Our father's sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell.
Our children, too, how should we love
Another land so well?

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend,
Be Thou her refuge and her truth,
Her everlasting Friend.

A verse must, of course, be inserted beginning, "God save our gracious King we pray"—the rest I leave to poets and verse-makers.

What a good, real National Anthem these verses would make, I thought. The present one is quite unreal and violates the best feelings of many people who are loyal to King and Throne.

The assumption that we are always surrounded by enemies is a ridiculous one. We do not so order our national life, I am glad to say, that this could be possible. To suggest that we are ever surrounded by enemies is in no way complimentary to ourselves, and quite out of touch with things as they really are.

This is obvious when we recall the many pledges that have been given—not by us alone, but by other nations also—not to have recourse to war. We no longer wish to see other nations fall, even if we don't agree with them, because fallen nations cannot trade with us.

None like ours!

Do let us have a National Anthem that expresses our real feelings. Love of country, though not peculiar to the British, is very deeply implanted in us all. I hate to be a bombastic patriot, yet having travelled far and wide I know there is no country like ours! There is to me no smell more entrancing, no aroma sweeter, no atmosphere more thrilling, no air more exciting than the smell and atmosphere of a third class railway carriage at the station of Dover Harbour!

England again! This love of country is expressed in the verses suggested for a National Anthem. Britain is the land of ancient history, of romantic struggle for liberty, of great traditions of which we are justly proud.

Westminster Abbey, our Cathedrals, Norman Churches where our ancestors lie, take us back a thousand years.

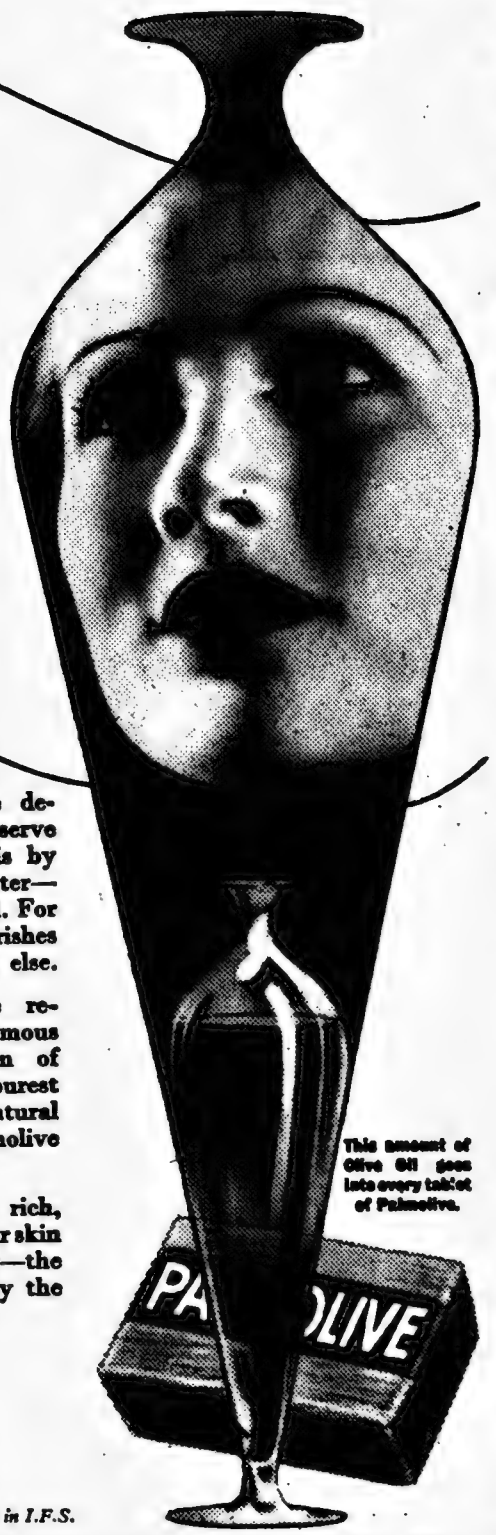
While we look back with pride on the past, we think of those coming after us and look to the future with hope and prayer.

All this and more is expressed in the lines I have quoted and suggest as a National Anthem. They are not more doggerel, and express far more truly than does the present National Anthem the feelings of our King's loyal subjects to-day.

LOOK OUT!

Look out for thrills in next week's JOHN BULL. It will contain full details of a great new Gift Presentation to its readers. If your newsagent does not already supply you with JOHN BULL regularly, order next week's issue at once.

FOR HER COMPLEXION BEAUTY *she relies on the Olive Oil in Palmolive*



20,000 beauty specialists have declared that the best way to preserve the natural beauty of youth is by daily cleansing with soap and water—provided an *Olive Oil* soap is used. For olive oil both soothes and nourishes the skin better than anything else.

Palmolive thus carries the recommendation of 20,000 famous specialists in the preservation of beauty, for it contains only the purest palm and olive oils. These natural beautifying oils alone lend Palmolive its characteristic green colour.

A daily bath in Palmolive's rich, abundant lather will cleanse your skin in the best and most natural way—the way which is recommended by the world's beauty experts.

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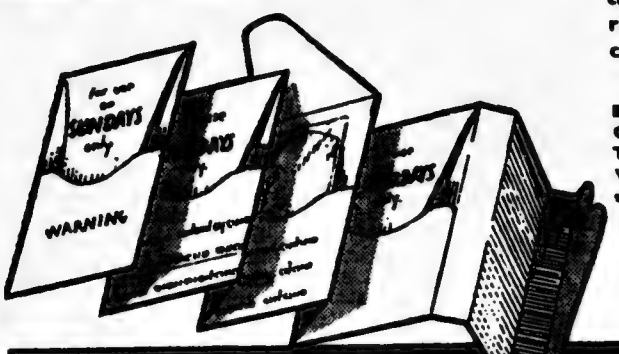
Price does not apply in I.F.S.

COMPARE any blade at any price with a STEAD BLADE . . .

• *Make this simple test*

Use two similar razor holders. In one put a 'Stead' blade, in the other put any blade of any other make at any price, not necessarily a 1d. blade. Shave one morning with one and the next morning with the other without knowing with which you are shaving. You will have a surprise. In spite of its low price the 'Stead' wins almost every time.

Get your wife or some one else to fix the blades for you, the test will thereby be made all the more real and thorough. Reports of results will be appreciated.



Buy a 'STEAD' wallet to-day. Obtainable from Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most Dealers.

STEAD
SAFETY RAZOR BLADES IN THE STEAD WALLET 7 blades for 6d

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THEN FOUND INSTANT RELIEF!

"I have suffered with gastritis for the last 29 years . . . could eat hardly anything without pain. I bought a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and am pleased to tell you that ***I was free from pain almost at once.*** *I can now eat my food without fear of pain and I am in better health.* ***I am truly very grateful for the benefit I have had from it, and I am keeping quite fit, thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia."***

H. P. Martin, Kelvedon, Essex.

The unfailing efficacy of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and the amazing promptness with which it brings relief are due to ingredients which recent medical research and X-ray experiments have proved to be the quickest and most effective known to medical science. No matter how bad your stomach trouble, 'Bisurated' Magnesia is bound to bring relief. To avoid disappointment, ask your chemist clearly for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA; it costs but 1/3, and there is no substitute.

TIRED AND LISTLESS

Anæmia is the cause of much suffering among girls; instead of being full of life, they are pale, tired and listless, and have no appetite. They get breathless if they hurry, lose all energy, and nothing seems to interest them; life is a misery.

To be bright, cheerful, and full of vitality a girl must have plenty of good, rich blood in her veins. The one medicine which will create new blood is Dr. Williams Pink Pills; their effect upon anæmic girls is wonderful. The improvement becomes apparent in a few days—the appetite improves, backaches and headaches disappear, and life takes on new joy.

Read what Miss N. Peake, of "The Plough," Cadsdean, Bucks, says. "My life was a misery through anæmia; I was pale and languid, and terribly depressed. The least exertion left me breathless and exhausted. I could not eat. Soon after commencing Dr. Williams pink pills my appetite returned and the colour came back to my cheeks. Now, after taking five boxes of the pills, I am like a new girl, full of life and go."

You can prove for yourself the remarkable blood-making properties of Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills by taking a course of them now. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 0d.). If they do not do you good, the proprietors will refund your money.

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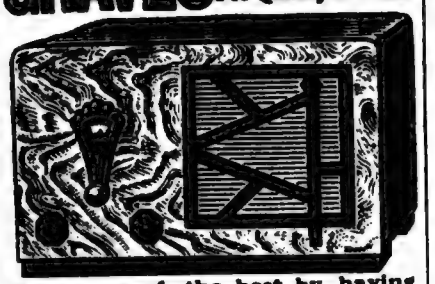

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The only way your body can clean out Acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all chemists.

KOMPO FOR COLDS

FREE! A Safety Can-Opener

Don't overlook this unique free offer which appears in the "Skipper" advt. on p. 27. Turn to it NOW! Cut out the offer for future reference!

Don't age too soon!

The Kidneys, if properly cared for, should perform their function until ripe old age.

HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to help you! Don't suffer with backache, urinary disorders, getting up at night, dizzy attacks and rheumatic pains, due to imperfect filtering of the blood. Sluggish kidneys should be stimulated with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This widely recommended diuretic helps to flush away excess uric acid and other harmful poisons. It has restored comfort and activity to thousands past middle age.

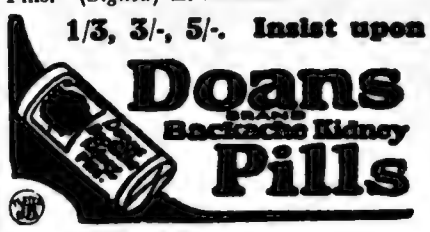
Active and well at Eighty-four

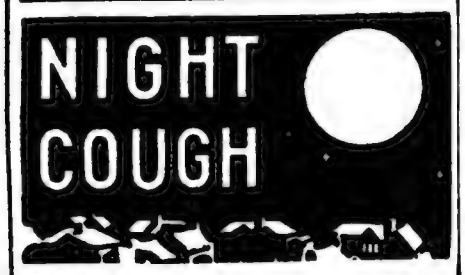
On the 19th July, 1921, Mrs. E. Dawson, 25, Cromwell Street, Oldham, said:—"About three years ago, I became subject to kidney complaint and rheumatism. I suffered agonies from terrible pains across my back, in my legs, ankles and hands. The joints and muscles were swollen and stiff. I had dizzy bouts and bad headaches. The water was scanty and disordered; it contained a sediment.

I tried Doans Backache Kidney Pills with wonderful success. They soon cased my bad back and made me quite well."

On 24th August, 1934, Mrs. Dawson said:—"Although turned eighty-four, I keep active and well, thanks to Doans Pills. (*Signed*) E. Dawson."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon





End it with one dose of

'Pineate' BRAND HONEY SYRUP

Economy "The Tiny Dose"

1/6 a bottle from your chemist

Good-bye to the Footpath Feud!

STACKS of local charts and maps are appearing on the office tables of more than eight thousand parish councils throughout Britain. For a new Domesday Book has been begun.

Every post brings from some landowner or another a statement as to which of his footpaths he admits the public has a right to use, and when all the necessary information has been received a register of more than 300,000 public rights of way will be compiled.

With that done, it will be easier to administer the recent Rights of Way Act which was passed to safeguard the rights of the walking public without the acrimonious quarrels and expensive resort to law that have marked the constant war over public rights of way in the past.

Councils will compare their own lists with those submitted by the landowners concerned. Where there is disagreement recourse will be made to arbitration rather than litigation. That means that when the job is completed all parties concerned will know exactly where they stand.

And so one of the biggest bones of contention the countryside has known since the days of the early Britons, when the public right to use many of these paths was first established, will disappear for ever.

There has never been anything more slipshod in the administration of this country than the way the public has been left to find out for itself whether it has any rights. No wonder the misunderstanding resulting has led to pitched battles and even bloodshed in the past.

Fighting over it

Why, even in the last two years there has been war with sticks between villagers and gamekeepers in Derbyshire that led to five men going to prison, the burning of a barricade twelve feet thick by a mob at Inworth, in Essex, and the tearing up by fishermen near Aberdeen of huge concrete posts which they afterwards rolled into the sea.

Resort to law was never a great deal more satisfactory, for the cases had to be heard in London as a rule.

As there is nothing more expensive than the testing of the validity of the right of the public to use the highway, the cost was always a question to be considered. One recent case concerning an estate in Yorkshire resulted in £16,000 of law costs, and often more money has been spent in legal charges than the land concerned was worth.

Then it is always necessary to bring a procession of oldest inhabitants up to the Law Courts in the Strand, to testify to the fact that they always used the footpath in question when they were young.

When the right to use a Lovers' Lane near Fife, in Scotland, was in dispute, the village had no difficulty in getting a "grannie" of ninety to describe her courting experiences in the lane as a girl. And only a month or so ago the oldest inhabitant of a village near Clayton, in Sussex, established the right of local inhabitants to cross a certain field with his sworn statement that: "Old so-and-so's lad used that there field when I were a lad. Aye, an' he used to pay the old farmer 'arf a crown a week for letting him go to school that way."

When Mr. Justice Eve heard the case as to a right of way between the Somerset villages of Timberscombe and Cowbridge, it seemed as if half the old people of the two places had been brought up to London for the occasion. "Iss, fay" (yes, faith) was a common way of replying to counsel. "Puttin'" and "Gwain" were used again and again. Indeed, it was fortunate that the case appeared before a judge who keeps a house in Devon and has often lived the gipsy life in Somerset, otherwise the proceedings might have been protracted by the use of an interpreter.

The right to hike—it's being established conclusively for them now

As there have been forty footpaths in dispute, every week, on average, from time immemorial, it is fortunate indeed that the majority could be settled without such legal or physical fights as have been described.

A take-down!

Hampstead Heath, which consists of 745 acres in these enlightened days, consisted of no more than 268 acres a few generations back. Such was the muddle that the public didn't know it had the right of access to the rest.

In the same way, although Epping Forest was just as big in 1865 as it is to-day, the public only made use of half of it because they thought they were not entitled to use the rest.

Why, only twenty years or so ago spiked iron railings five feet high and which cost every penny of £1,000 even at the prices ruling in those days, bloomed one night round Berkhamsted Common.

But the Commons and Footpaths Association had an idea as to what course to pursue in a case of that kind. It ordered a special train, filled it with 120 of the heftiest navvies it could find—and that was the end both of the railings and a cheeky ambition to keep the public out of a place to which it has had the right of access for centuries.

The public might have been denied access to the fields round Stonehenge to this day if it had not been discovered, late last century, that an American millionaire was on the verge of buying the priceless ruins and shipping them to his own country.

The then Chancellor of the Exchequer said the stones would stay there, even if he had to send a regiment of soldiers to defend them. And the public in turn discovered that the effort to keep them on the road was nothing more nor less than an impertinence.

After 500 years

One of the most important right-of-way disputes concerned Wigley Heath, which adjoins the New Forest. Just when it seemed hopeless that the right of the public to have access to the common could be proved, an old iron box found in a local cottage was opened—and there, mouldering and dusty, lay the 15th century documents that proved beyond all doubt that the public was in the right.

It is easy to account for the state of muddle that has always existed, particularly as there has never been a proper attempt to survey the paths and footways to which the public has access.

After all, the public has always established its own right to use land for ever by the simple expedient of regularly using it unchallenged. The landowners have been able to frustrate their plans by closing the land for a day just before the public right becomes established.

The various rambling clubs and societies have arranged to safeguard all the public paths that figure in the new register now being compiled by getting members to walk over them twice a year.

Such caution is advisable, when you remember what sort of trick a lord of the manor down Epping way once resorted to. On the crucial day he invited everybody in the district to a beanfeast and drink in his manor-house, intending to get them so drunk that they would be unable to preserve the rights they had enjoyed for centuries.

Fortunately one man kept his head—or to be exact just remained sober enough to see through the ruse. And, stumbling out with a drunken gait, he kept for the public a right that it still enjoys down to this day.

Things are different already, now that the public has the new Rights of Way Act to protect it, a measure, by the way, which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald tried in vain to get on the Statute Book when he was a young man and, then as now, a lover of country walks.

The public is going to know exactly where it can walk and where it can't—and ample precautions will be taken to see that its rights are not allowed to disappear through indifference that will be regretted later. Feuds between landowners and local populaces such as have been taking place for centuries will be no more!

Ghosts of London

H. V. Morton, the man with the magic pen, the greatest descriptive writer of the day, has gone in quest of the living ghosts of the London of the past who still haunt the London of the present.

His discoveries, as romantic, as all-revealing as any which you could wish to read, are now appearing in the "Daily Herald." It is a fascinating series—one which you cannot afford to miss.

Make sure of getting your copy of the "Daily Herald"—every day; place a standing order with your newsagent now.

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the st dangerous of unsuspected diseases. ur out of five people suffer from it in e form. Usually it begins with a simple ld. Then it spreads all the mucous mbranes of the ad, nose, throat, ngs and stomach, ence its poison reads all over the stem.

There is one sure y to end catarrh. dinary medicines not reach the in- ted parts, but Dr. sser's Cigarettes ll. They are made of luable medicinal herbs, l as you smoke them ir warm vapour carries soothing, antiseptic properties into all the inute crevices of your respiratory system.

How to Prove It

you think you have the slightest trace any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, onchitis, &c., get a packet at any chemist -day or just send a postcard or the coupon low, and we will send you, without cost you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's garettes for you to try.

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Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

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THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS, FEVERS, AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.
THEY ASSIST THE LUNGS TO THROW OFF ALL IRRITATING MATTER, AND TO REGAIN HEALTH AND VIGOUR.

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Rheumatism and Gout, Arthritis, Lumbago and Sciatica, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Sores, Eczema, Psoriasis and all diseases arising from blood impurities yield to the cleansing and healing properties of "Clarkes Blood Mixture."

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Put up in Liquid and Tablet form, equally good in both cases. The Tablets are convenient when the medicine has to be taken away from home.

Sold everywhere: Liquid 3/- and 12/- (Six times as much); Tablets 3/-

and the SKIN

There must be reasons why "Clarkes Blood Mixture" has attained its present world-famed reputation.

Here are some of those reasons:

(1) It expels from the blood the impurities that cause disease.
(2) It increases the white corpuscles that are the soldiers and scavengers of the blood.
(3) It assists healing.
(4) It removes the products of inflammation.
(5) It restores health and vitality.

Cheap imitations are **false economy**. Ask for "Clarkes Blood Mixture."

MAKE THIS TEST TO-NIGHT!

BEFORE you hop into bed to-night try this: Strip down to your birthday suit and stand in front of your mirror. Look yourself over. What do you see? A fine upstanding specimen of a MAN, splendidly proportioned, superbly muscled? Or do you see a flabby, sickly sort of fellow, with sunken chest, scrawny arms, neck and legs?

What I can do for you in just 30 days

IN the first 30 days I guarantee to add one whole inch of real live muscle on your arms, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I'll take the kinks out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, and give you wrists of steel. I've done it for hundreds, and I can do it for you!

I want you for 95 days

WHAT I will have done for you in 30 days will be nothing to what I shall do for you in 95 days. I am not called the "Man-Maker" for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined. I not only say this—I'll guarantee it!

"Secrets of Muscular Strength" is the greatest book ever published on the subject. Crammed full of amazing photos. It will show you the short-cut to great strength and development. You don't want to remain in the ORDINARY class now. Get this book and be a super-man.

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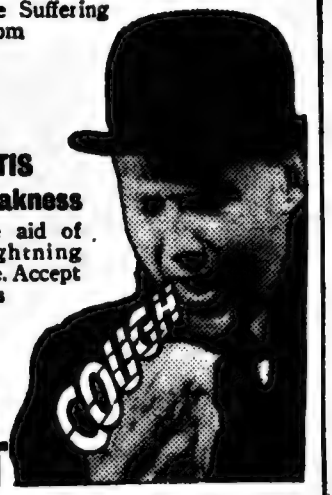

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Venos *Lightning* Cough Cure Challenges the World. It cures your cough or costs you Nothing. Obtain a bottle immediately. Take as directed for 2 days and if the results are not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, and we will refund your money in full.

VENOS
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COUGH CURE

From All Chemists 1/1½d. & 1/3 LARGE FAMILY SIZE 3/-

HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A FORMER MEMBER OF THE R.A.M.C.

Rheumatism, like most stomach, liver and kidney disorders, results simply from accumulations of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities and form the primary cause of disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now.

Uric Acid Crystals highly magnified

Instead, take a teaspoonful of *'Alkia Saltrates'* in water every second morning before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits. This alkaline medicinal water flushes away the sharp, painful crystals from stiff joints and sore muscles, and there is nothing better for cleansing and regulating torpid liver or clogged kidneys. *'Alkia Saltrates,'* obtainable from any chemist, reproduces the essential constituents of seven famous curative springs, and I personally have proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—C. S. T.

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When my Silence was Golden

"START to-morrow," said the manager after looking at me for what seemed an age. I was dying to tell him that he had a large smut on his face, but with an effort refrained.

"Grumpy old beggar," said another applicant who had waited for me. "I just told him there was a smut on his face, and he said it wasn't my business and turned me down."

My golden silence was fifteen years ago. The manager retired shortly after, but he taught me that silence can be as profitable as words.—*"Boss," South Yorks.*

Assisted Escape

When four of us were taken prisoners by the Germans we were asked if any of us spoke the language. I was about to reply in the affirmative, when something prompted me to remain silent.

This silence proved golden, for a few days later I overheard a German guard say that the electricity plant had broken down.

That night we made a successful bid for freedom, only because we knew that the wires round the camp would not be electrified as usual.—*H. B., Bedford.*

They're Happy

Walking along the Strand one day I came face to face with two people I had known in my Northern home town.

But whereas I knew the girl to be a splendid and fine type, I knew also that the man had served a prison sentence for theft. They told me they were engaged.

Should I warn the girl, I wondered? On the spur of the moment I decided not to. I am glad; for they are an ideally married couple, and the man has never repeated his unfortunate lapse.—*J. B., Golders Green.*

Lightened Expense

Every year a generous employer used to give the workers a supper—and a grand feast it always was!

One evening he called: "Hands up those who'll be there." I remained motionless, and with a few others received 6s. in lieu of the "feed."

When I slipped the coins into my wife's hands, she kissed me and said: "You're as good as gold—this'll lessen the worry regarding the coming baby." Then we both sat down to a frugal meal of bread and cheese.—*R. W., Thorpe Bay.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

One Word

He made a mistake and was sacked. A few weeks later the 'phone bell rang. "We've a man here. He says he's worked for your firm: is he all right?"

"Quite," I answered, and rang off. That man had a widowed mother, who was also a cripple. I knew how hard he'd had to struggle even when he was in work; and I knew idleness was breaking his heart.

I met him the other day; he's foreman now. And remembering that few go through life without making mistakes, I'm glad I remained silent.—*"Secretary," Bath.*

Quaint Ideas

"A Lady Bountiful, but she's got quaint ideas," I was warned. My work took me to her home. Removing the cover from the big Bible, she said: "Those corners are pure gold—you do believe me?"

I nodded assent, though I know brass when I see it.

At the auction of her effects I, for sentimental reasons, paid 15s. for the Book. An expert assured me that it wasn't worth half of that, yet I'm glad I didn't cast a doubt on the innocent hallucination of a very good woman.—*"Frank," Sherwood.*

Elopers' Gift

"If ——— will apply at the above address, it will be to her advantage." When I saw that in a newspaper I guessed it meant myself, and, sure enough, it was.

In a lawyer's office I was handed a gold ring for keepsake, and some golden sovereigns, the gift of my former employer's daughter. She had eloped with the coachman while I was cook to her father.

I had known of the clandestine meetings, but had considered that a wise helper should hold a silent tongue. The parents had forgiven them, and this windfall was a reward for my discretion.—*Mrs. W., Manchester.*

Uncomplaining

The man to whom I was secretary was a glutton for work. For months I had not known a free evening—every moment of my life seemed devoted to his service.

One night, after working particularly late, I went home and wrote out my resignation in no gentle terms, fully intending to hand it to my boss the next morning.

Thank heaven I remained silent about my grievance, however! That night my employer died suddenly, and the tribute he paid to me in his will—"her uncomplaining devotion to duty . . ."—meant more to me than the monetary bequest I received.—*C. B., Birmingham.*

Rewarded

Having finished decorating the bedroom, we were bringing down the materials when the boss, who was helping, dropped a tin of varnish on the stair carpet.

Just at that moment the owner of the house, a valued customer, appeared on the scene. The boss stormed at me, calling me a clumsy fool, and telling me I should have to pay for the damage.

I was too dumbfounded to protest, and nothing more was heard of the matter until pay-day, when my envelope contained an extra 10s., with a note to the effect that it was for "keeping quiet."—*G. L., Sheffield.*

Lucky Decision

A fellow-farmer and myself once attended an auction sale, and both of us were particularly keen on a certain horse.

Bidding was brisk and the price rose rapidly. After it had reached thirty pounds I hesitated, but the other determined to stop further bidding by advancing the price to thirty-five.

For a moment I felt like raising the bid still higher, but decided the price was too much, and so the animal went to my rival. A week later the horse died.

My silence was golden to the tune of thirty-five pounds.—*"Yokel," Hants.*

Promoted

During the war a friend and I were strolling along Bournemouth cliffs in R.N.R. uniform. A gentleman in evening dress emerged from a near-by hotel, and pointing to some flashing lights at sea, said: "Can you tell me what those lights are?"

I did not know, but replied: "Sir! It is entirely against the regulations for naval men to discuss such matters with strangers."

I was greatly surprised upon returning to my ship to be singled out on parade, and promoted on the spot. The stranger happened to be the Port Senior Naval Officer.—*E. W., Totton.*

Gripped His Hand

For days my pal had had all that he could stand in the way of sympathy, and it was causing him to be near a breakdown.

He had just lost his lovely young wife, who had been struck down suddenly by a mysterious illness, and constant reminder in the way of friends' sympathy was getting too much.

So when I just gripped his hand and remained silent, he found my silence a stimulant that eased his pain and helped him, a little, to face his future better.—*"Stanford Oaks," Staffs*

* * *

When as a small boy I had my broken arm set. The pain was cruel, but I did not shout. Thus I won the half-sovereign promised me by my father if I did not cry.—*W. I. W., Kettering*

The sergeant-major asked the twelve of us for volunteers who could ride bicycles. Eleven stepped forward, and were detailed to the cookhouse to skin rabbits. I got the afternoon off.—*T. G., Long Eaton.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday February 12.

Shilling That Meant Most To Me

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on February 9

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) STOKE v Blackburn.
**(2) SUNDERLAND v. Leicester.
(3) Tottenham v. Derby.
(4) W.B. ALBION v. Liverpool.
(5) Birmingham v. ARSENAL.
(6) EVERTON v. Wolverhampton.
*(7) GRIMSBY v. Chelsea.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Leeds.
(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Middlesbrough.
(10) PRESTON v. Aston Villa.
(11) WEDNESDAY v. Portsmouth.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bradford C.
(2) Swansea v. Manchester U.
*(3) BOLTON v. Sheffield U.
(4) Bradford v. Blackpool.
**(5) BRENTFORD v. Hull.
(6) BURNLEY v Port Vale.
(7) PULHAM v. Bury.
(8) Norwich v. Newcastle.
*(9) FOREST v Notts County.
(10) OLDHAM v. Barnsley.
(11) Plymouth v West Ham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) GILLINGHAM v. Newport.
(2) LUTON v Torquay.
(3) Millwall v. CHARLTON.
(4) Northampton v. Boscombe.
(5) READING v. Watford.
(6) Southend v. Q.P. Rangers.
**(7) BRIGHTON v Swindon.
(8) BRISTOL R. v. C. Palace.
*(9) CARDIFF v. Aldershot.
(10) ORIENT v. Exeter.
(11) COVENTRY v. Bristol C.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Rotherham v Lincoln.
(2) WALSALL v. Rochdale.
(3) Wrexham v. CHESTER.
(4) York v. Doncaster
(5) ACCRINGTON v. Crewe.
**(6) CHESTERFIELD v Carlisle.
**(7) DARLINGTON v. Hartlepools.
(8) Gateshead v. Stockport.
(9) HALIFAX v. Tranmere
*(10) MANSFIELD v. Barrow.
(11) NEW BRIGHTON v. Southport.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Round 2.

(1) DUNDEE v. Queen's Park.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. Morton.
(3) AYR UNITED v. King's Park.
**(4) RANGERS v. Third Lanark.
(5) ST. MIRREN v Forfar.
*(6) HEARTS v. Kilmarnock.
(7) AIRDRIE v. Rosyth A.
(8) ABERDEEN v. Albion.
(9) Brechin v. Raith.
(10) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Dumbarton.
(11) CLYDE v. Hamilton.
(12) HIBERNIAN v. Clachnacuddin.
(13) CELTIC v. Partick.
Buckie Thistle—a bye.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—D v. I.—2 (*II*); Div. II.—5 (*II*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—7 (*II*); Scottish Cup—2 (*II*) would indicate Sunderland, Brentford, Charlton, Darlington and Motherwell.

FOR YOUR CHILD

What Is Your Child's Health Worth to You?

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child, nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances—she will never gamble with 'cheap' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach 'upsets' she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Always remember it is absolutely safe and there is nothing 'just as good.'

1/3 *per bottle.* 2/6 *treble size.*
Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Mint flavoured. Children take them eagerly. 1/- per box—also family size bottle 2/-; of all chemists.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

for HOARSENESS
Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.
6d VICK LOZENGES

"The World's best value"
SCOTIA READY CUT RUG WOOLS

BARGAIN PRICES 1/6 Rug Wools 8d., Silky 1/6, Cable 1/4½, Turkish 1/- lb., 1/6 Thrums 6½d. lb., Knittings 1d., Silky 1½d., Fingering 2½d., Tweeds 1½d. oz.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON for 2/- RUG BOOK *FREE*
AND 500 BARGAIN SAMPLES.

Name .....
Address .....
½d. stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed..... J.B.

SCOTIA WOOLS 158 NEW BRIDGE ST NEWCASTLE-on-TYNE

SAFE—*behind bars*

A DERBYSHIRE family sat round the fireside of their home. Little did they know that the place was a veritable death-trap! In the dead of night, joists under the fireplace, which had been smouldering for weeks, suddenly burst into flames. The room became an inferno. Furniture and keepsakes were destroyed. Had it not been for JOHN BULL'S timely cheque the plight of the family would have been serious indeed.

In thousands of cases like this JOHN BULL, through its great Free Family Insurance Gift, has come to the rescue of its readers when fire has burst its bounds and destroyed precious possessions.

When the fire is giving a cheery glow and hands are outstretched to catch the genial warmth—remember—fire will only remain a comfort *when safe behind bars.* But let him once break through those bars and he becomes a demon unleashed! Just think! A tiny cinder that shoots out of the grate—or even a spark—is enough to put your whole home in jeopardy!

A spark flying out of the fire took a terrible toll in a Salford household: The family had left home to join a reunion of relatives in a near-by town. When they returned they found the home gutted; their precious possessions a charred mass. Once more JOHN BULL came to the rescue with a generous cheque.

Fire, again, played a terrible trick in the home of a Littlehampton reader. The good housewife, having put some clothing in front of the fire to air, went on a short errand. When she returned she found the clothing burned up and the room in flames. After receiving a cheque from JOHN BULL to cover the damage, she wrote: "Many thanks for your timely help. I wish your paper all the success it merits."

JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to pay Fire Benefits—the *only* paper to dispatch cheques on account of Storm—Flood—Sickness. Sign the forms below now if you have not already done so.

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefit.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....
Address .....
.....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 9/2/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....
Age .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 9/2/35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

FLU
Don't let it get *YOU!*
A WARNING
and some
GOOD ADVICE

Thousands to-day are affected by a most serious epidemic. Cold, damp, fog, mist, are all taking their toll. The very air you breathe carries thousands of dangerous germs into your body. 'Flu, Colds, Nose and Throat affections are wreaking havoc everywhere.

Have you any of these warning symptoms?

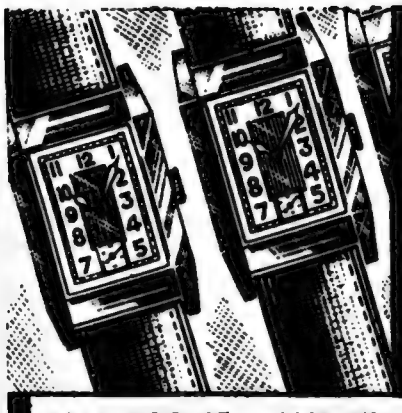
—Do you feel Feverish?
—Do your Eyes Smart?
—Is your Throat Sore?
—Are your Limbs Heavy?
—Does your Head Ache?
—Have you a Cold?
—Do you feel Shivery?
—Have you got Pains?
—Have you a Cough?
—Are you Sneezing?
—Do you feel Weak?
—Are you Depressed?

Get some Beechams Brand Powders this very minute. Thousands upon thousands of wise people are taking this marvellous curative and preventive prescription. Be among them. Keep well to withstand the ravages of Winter Ills. Beechams Brand Powders cost only 2d. each. Take them at night with a hot drink. They are a vital protection. DON'T DELAY! ACT NOW!!
Not Laxative.
Sold everywhere.

A Beecham Product
Beechams Brand Powders
Carton of 8 Powders 1/3.
Single Powders 2d. each.
ACT LIKE MAGIC! 2d

PILES RELIEVED INSTANTLY

. . . . "*I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before.*" *J. O., Burley-in-Wharfedale.*
Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.



FIRST PRIZE £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500 OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £900 CASH

LIFE INCOME, CASH, BONUSES & SURPRISE AWARDS

IN "JOHN BULL'S" 100% ENTERTAINMENT X-WORD

HANDSOME WRIST-WATCHES with all prizes of £1 and over; luminous dial; ladies' model if required —5-year guarantee by the maker. value 32/6

£100 Between all Runners-up

BONUS AWARD Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in same envelope. value £2

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.

TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27

IN two successive competitions within the last four weeks, "John Bull's" great 2-in-1 First Prize has been won outright—now add *your* name to our growing list of Crossword Pensioners!

Here is the latest of our Compiler's "100 per cent. Entertainment" puzzles and, by capturing the First Prize outright, you will be the winner of a £500 fortune and a weekly income of £2 each Saturday as long as you live.

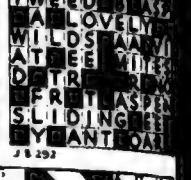
If you just miss the top of the prize-list, you will be amongst the Runners-up and share in £100 cash. And to your cheque, if you are eligible for a Bonus as announced, "John Bull" will add a Crossword Season Ticket value £2.

Every winner of £1 cash or over in this Contest, moreover, receives a valuable and lasting souvenir of success—a handsome Wrist-watch value 32s. 6d., carrying the maker's 5-year guarantee and capable of long and faithful service.

But remember—none of these fine prizes can be yours unless your squares are in by noon on Thursday, February 14.

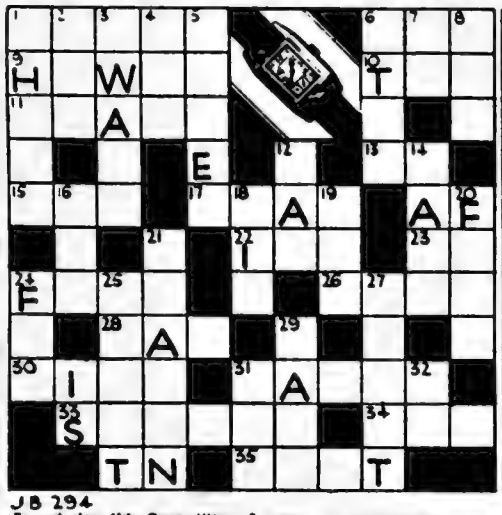
"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Handsome Wrist-watch will be sent. A Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 21, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 28.

Solution of X-Word No. 292. Winners in Crossword No. 291 appear on page 42. Result of 292 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 292 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. No claims required.



JB 292

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 294—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1935



JB 294

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

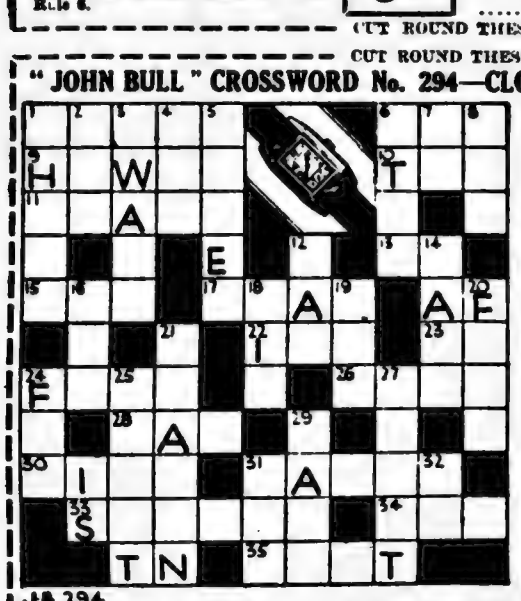
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 294—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1935



JB 294

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Commandments say, "Thou —— not . . ."
6. Her little ones are pigs
9. He cuts coal or wood
10. A drink, a meal and a plant
11. What speech-makers do
13. Use one end of herb here
15. Indicates maiden name
17. Naughty child often deserves one
22. Wrath
23. Short for Rugby Union
24. What cowards do, from danger
26. Child does this and teacher answers
28. Doesn't help our trade depression
30. Are knotted round neck and hold men to their homes
31. Good one leads the way
33. They decide the result of football match
34. What we do at No. 10 Across
35. To get into arrears of this may be dangerous

DOWN

1. When sheep are this, their good points are best seen
2. Take nothing from hero and this is left
3. Householder's seldom this when burglar's in house
4. Landlord likes a profitable one
5. There are sometimes leaves and sometimes knots on these
6. Good film may make one
7. Short for Omissions Excepted
8. Direction we're going in
12. All the girls love one
14. One of the dog's delights
16. It's always a length
18. May cover things up
19. Sweet-smelling flower or succulent vegetable
20. Wire often causes this
21. Winter is one for wearing thick clothes
24. Clothes are often a difficulty to
25. To do so is the chucker-out's job
27. May consist of ice in small portions
29. You're lucky to get on with this when buses are full
31. Last half of grasper
32. Letters most artists long for after their names

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, February 14, 1935.

2. **In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 28, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 12, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final.

4.—No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

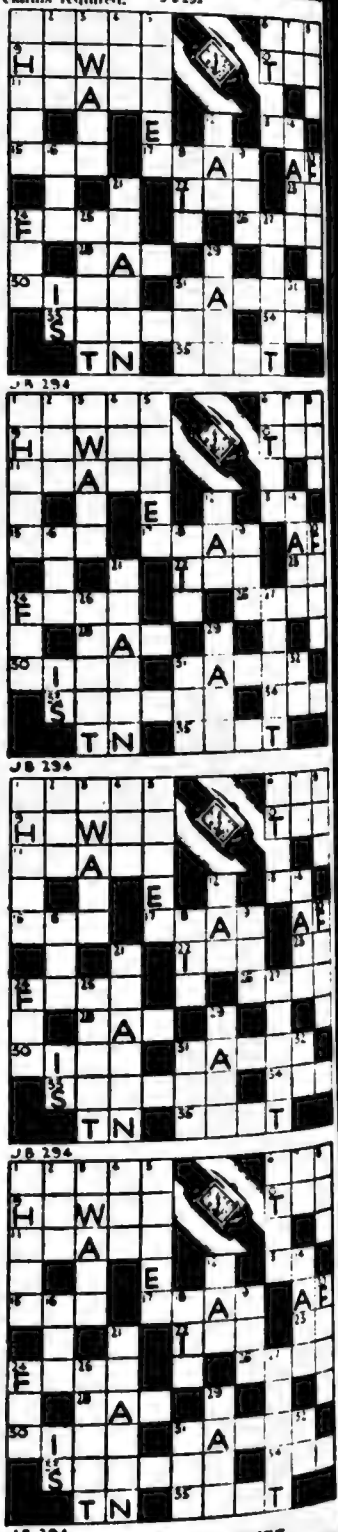
5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.



JB 294

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE. A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS: "John Bull" Crossword No. 294, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

£6 WEEKLY, £1,000 AND £50 YEARLY NEXT WEEK'S COLOSSAL SIXTH BIRTHDAY PRIZE

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

MAGICIAN (Keswick).—"I can take almost anything out of a hat." Including stains?

A. B. (Dunfermline).—"I live t door to an authority on gardens." 't we all?

M. (Egremont).—"As I turned round mile at the girl I tripped over a dog." were tempted and fell?

P. (Totteridge).—"I met a man last k who told me he hadn't had a bite day." Tramp or angler?

J. (Darwen). —"It my face rather than figure, I am con- ced, that won me my band." Your cheek?

J. (Warwick).—"An ist told me he couldn't my portrait on canvas less than £20." So 've put it off?

B. (Oundle).—"What you call a man who ys the piano by ear?" contortionist.

MRS. C. (Wrexham).—"My husband me out of the dentist's looking as white a sheet." Pale and drawn, no doubt.

PUGILIST (Streatham).—"I beat a big liceman by a knockout in the final ut." Thus you laid down the law.

OLD SAILOR (Chichester).—"At ten- rty I was relieved of my watch." I e you caught the thief.

DAIRYMAN (Puddletown).—"There are y few things you can tell me about king butter." You have it off pat?

AIR-MINDED (Heston).—"Take it from , dropping in a parachute is not all ney." It's a hard world, isn't it?

G. L. (Chelmsford).—"I am sure all this n is a conspiracy to stop me from rking in the garden." And the plot ickens.

DOCTOR (Kew).—"Take my advice, never ffle a yawn." But supposing your rich cle is telling you his funny story for e umpteenth time?

TEACHER (Lancs).—"I have just retired er teaching the same class for thirty- years." Your scholars must have been y backward.

L. E. (Kettering).—"I am very anxious add some new specimens to collection foreign coins." Then instal a few garette and stamp machines.

K. G. (Birmingham).—"Our football am has received a hedgehog as a mascot m one of its supporters." You will w be sure of plenty of points.

DRAUGHTSMAN (Gateshead).—"If you quire a fine point to your pencil, use a fety razor blade." That's a tip worth ving.

C. M. J. (Harlesden).—"I felt the job s mine before I dropped my applica- on in the pillar-box." Yet you were xious to get the post.

P. D. (Cardiff).—"Although we are ways fighting, my pal and I are a per- ct match." He strikes you, and then u flare up?

RADIO BEGINNER (Andover).—"If I used telegraph wire as an aerial, do you think could hear anything from distant ations?" You would no doubt hear a from police stations.

S. M. (Westcliff).—"When he awoke to d his house in flames, a friend of mine, ad in pyjamas and with bare feet, cled to the fire station." We hope the achine did not have rat-trap pedals.

S. W. (Acton).—"It is quite possible to ake a pretty little rockery in a window- ox." Provided you can resist the temp- tion to use it as ammunition against cal cats in the neighbourhood.

H. B. (Brixton).—"Can you suggest an cupation which is bound to make a ayward youth keep going straight?" ow about him becoming a tightrope alker?

W. N. (Dover).—"I have invented ippers that have electric heaters for eeping the feet warm." The old kind n still be used for warming the seats of ring boys, however!

TOMMY (Aldershot).—"A man in my giment is always boasting that when he aves he'll punch the sergeant-major on e nose." And you told him that he'd ve to take his turn in the queue, the me as anybody else?

NATURALIST (Brighton).—"As you prob- ly know, certain types of fish conduct nversations with one another." Extend- g their fins to describe the size of the glers they just managed to get away om?

The KID

R. P. (Truro).—"My card party was an awful failure." How much did you lose?

A. K. (Frome).—"I hear that a profes- sional billiards-player has just gone on a month's holiday." His big break.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I had just finished a picture when my small son spilt ink on it." A blot on the landscape.

F. L. (Peckham).—"I have discovered a sovereign cure for 'flu." Thanks, but it's much too expensive.

ANIMAL-LOVER (Devonport) — "Where would the country milkman be without his horse?" Certainly not in the cart.

H. M. B. (Trowbridge).—"Why should the time spent on night duty pass more quickly than those during the day?" Probably because they're the small hours.

F. Y. (Bromley).—"Can you recommend anything for a chap weighing eighteen stone?" Space.

GOLFER (Chorley Wood).—"I would move heaven and earth to reduce my handicap." Especially earth.

MOTORIST (Ulverston). —"My experience tells me that no woman can really reverse." A car, perhaps, but not decisions.

HARRY T. (Plymouth). —"Which county of England produces the best cooks?" Devonshire, if your wife is a Devon woman.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Perth). —"People who get me to take their photographs taken in profile are generally conceited." Too much side?

COLONIAL (London).—"Suppose you returned to your tent one night and found a 10-ft. python inside it. What would you do?" Many miles an hour.

MANAGER (London).—"The fountain pens in my shop are counted every night before closing time." Guarding against leakages?

REF. (Whitechapel).—"It's my experience that a wrestler who has won a few contests gets very conceited." He considers all his rivals beneath him?

P. N. (Hull).—"I find that sleeping with the electric light on is apt to make one feel sick." Yes, especially when the bill comes in.

A. P. (Blyth).—"Hearing a rumour of decent ice we motored over thirty miles in the hope of an hour's skating, but it was a frost." But not hard enough?

DAN (Bolton).—"I have left my job as a cook, and signed on as a half-back in a football team." So you now feed the forwards?

D. E. (Newtown).—"I never enter a cinema if I know there is no chance of securing a seat." You just won't stand for it.

A. J. T. (Thornbury).—"Because of my wit a certain lady spends half of her time in my company." So you are only a half-wit!

I. R. (Spitalfields).—"Would you advise an ambitious young business man to enter the silk business?" There is no doubt he would find plenty of ladders.

R. M. C. (Sudbury).—"We were halfway through a hand of bridge before we discovered that the two of spades was missing." What the deuce!

BORED (Flexton).—I was invited out but not wishing to go, made the excuse that I had broken my glasses." And couldn't see your way to go?

FARMER (Dorset).—"My cheese is known all over the county and there is no need for me to boast about it." It speaks for itself?

G. H. W. (Reading).—"I would much rather stay at home and play cards than go to a kinema." But we'll bet you still like the pictures.

GROCER (St. Albans).—"Although a mere grocer, I am writing the story of the early settlers in this place." Are there really many early settlers among your customers?

D. M. (Cowes).—"I spent enough money on cigarettes when I was young to have made me into a first-class organist." You weren't keen enough on the pipes, though.

HOUSEHOLDER (Ham).—"I can't make up my mind as to whether I should have a lawn in my garden or if I should dig the ground and grow vegetables." You are turning it over in your mind?

C. H. M. (New Cross).—"For twenty years I've never failed to catch the 9.35." Well, be in time for the £1,935—that's the fine cheque, with £4 Weekly for Life and Millionaire's Week-end, which we finally offer on page 43. Then you needn't worry about catching trains.

CHARLIE (Cullercoats). —"After expressly asking for thin oil they sent me a heavy grade absolutely useless to me. I was annoyed." It was a bit too thick, of course.

COOK (Cheltenham).—"I have been in my present situation for many years and my master said that if I left him he'd miss my delicious curries." You've curried favour!

A. T. (London, E.C.).—"I own a racing greyhound with a tail reputed to be the longest in the world." On a very small track it must be disconcerting for the animal to see its caudal appendage trailing along in front.

J. S. (Birmingham).—"A motor manufacturer is building a huge proving ground to give his cars the acid test in staying power and endurance." It seems to us a much simpler method would be to let a friend have the cars over the week-end.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly,** he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly,** he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly,** he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

¶ **Secondly,** the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting them from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly,** another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists, in Sky-blue Canister.

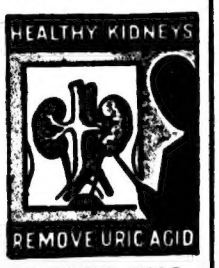
1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

WEAK KIDNEYS

If everyone realised how vitally important to general health was the natural, healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief among them being uric acid.

If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly, the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness, and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. Or the crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, and give rise to gravel, stone or chronic inflammation.



De WITTS PILLS MAKE YOUR KIDNEYS HEALTHY

Kidney weakness, which can be easily recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, should be treated at once with De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements in De Witts Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within 24 hours. Ordinary pills do not penetrate to the seat of the trouble—so insist on genuine De Witts Pills in the blue and gold packet. Price 1/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS

BRAND

KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

Try this 3 Days' Beauty recipe

When you see the face of a lovely film star flash upon the screen, you may be sure that her alluring skin and complexion are not just an accident. Her secret can be yours. Your skin can possess the same gorgeous loveliness as hers. This, within only three days. Certain precious ingredients, including predigested dairy cream and olive oil, are now contained in the new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). One or two applications each day stir the skin with fresh life. It is tonic, whitening and astringent. Quickly does away with enlarged pores, blackheads, coarseness, and other complexion defects, as nothing else can. Protects against destructive dirt and dust—keeps the complexion always fresh and clear and forms an ideal base for powder. Try this simple beauty recipe today and you will not hesitate to compare your new skin with that of the screen stars. Crème Tokalon is guaranteed to give successful results or money refunded.

LEG TROUBLE
A Free Offer

★ A generous sample of 'Elasto,' a remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments, is offered on the back cover. Together with the sample will be sent an illuminating free Booklet and copies of recent testimonials. See Back Cover.

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or Hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the Hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy looking."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street, 53. B.C., London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing package of **KOTALKO** and **KOTALKO SOAP**, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product bearing the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends advise them always to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

INCREASE YOUR WEIGHT
3 lbs. in 30 Days or Money Back.

Doctors know that Cod Liver Oil is full of vitamins that make flesh, create appetite, build up the power to resist disease and put good solid flesh on skinny men and women. But many people's stomachs rebel against its taste and smell.

So now men and women who keep up with the times are taking little sugar-coated tablets known as "Clotabs," rich in flesh-producing, health-building, strength-creating elements and vitamins, and as easy to take as sweets.

Try them for 30 days if you want to fill out those scraggy hollows in chest, cheeks and neck, and gain strength and vigour. And bear this in mind, if 30 days' treatment as prescribed doesn't help you, the makers will refund your money.

At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Insist on Clotabs. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Mdx.

HOW ELDERLY FOLK GET NEW HEALTH.

Age is a cumulative process. The older a man or woman gets the weaker do the digestive organs become. The things one can eat without trouble get fewer and fewer, and as the diet gets monotonous the appetite goes. That's one reason why old people seem to age so quickly.

And it's one reason, too, why so many doctors urge elderly people to take Wincarnis. Wincarnis is particularly useful to the old because, apart from the fact that it is a wonderful tonic and strength-builder, it is delicious to take and it stimulates the digestive glands. This enables elderly people to eat many dishes they could not otherwise manage, and with increasing appetite comes increasing benefit.

Besides, Wincarnis itself is almost a food. The wine in each bottle contains the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the strengthening properties and the vitamins of malt and meat extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day. We have over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

£1,000 and 53 Giant Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 291.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £1000 offered: **Mrs. Barnes, 438, Manchester Rd., Walkden, Lancs. E. F. Bartlett, Star Cotts., Holt, Nr. Trowbridge, Wilts. Mrs. H. Bass, 3, Monks Rd., Exeter. Miss C. Dixon, 60, Netherfield Rd., Sheffield. J. Lee, High St., Burton-in-Lonsdale, via Carnforth, Lancs.** To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £180 will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 19, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 48 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 1s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

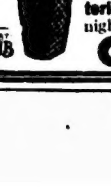
A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the five sharers of the First Prize and each of the 48 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a Giant Hamper.

Surprise Awards were won by 403 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

£8 Weekly for Life and £500, or huge lump sum of £900 cash, must be won in the splendid X-word Contest on Page 40, together with £100 to be divided between runners-up and Handsome Wrist Watch Prizes. Turn to Page 40 NOW.

SOLID ZAM-BUK



In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Relief and position at night, they cure PILES

YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY IN THIS GIANT 1935 OFFER!

A FEW more days and the finest of all prizes yet seen in 1935 will be beyond your reach. But now, if you will but give an hour to *Bullets*, there is no reason why you should not be the winner of this colossal 3-in-1 First of £1,935 Cash, £4 a week Life Pension and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two.

Simply for fitting together a few everyday words, JOHN BULL may soon be paying you a fortune big enough to buy a new home, furnish it luxuriously, secure a car, purchase a business, educate your children and still leave a substantial balance at the bank.

To the blessings of immediate wealth would be added the boon of security, provided by that £4 cheque from Long Acre each Saturday as long as you live.

In addition to this and thousands of other prizes, this first Monster *Bullets* Offer of Jubilee Year brings an unlimited distribution of invaluable 1935 *Bullets* Gift Books, available for all entrants who use the Presentation Coupon as directed. These pages bring your one last chance to secure the new Gift Book, as well as final coupons for the Giant 1935 Prize. Grasp these great opportunities now, before it is too late.

50 CHEQUES PLUS RADIO GRAMOPHONE AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 968:

G. C. BULLOCK, 10, Honyatt Road, Gloucester.

Example: HE'S ONLY FATHER, SO
Bullet: ANOTHER "DOORMAT" YOUNGSTERS IGNORE.

(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

O. SMART, 84, Tatton Road, S, Heaton Chapel.
Example: In The Gutter
Bullet: "Spare Him" Criticism, Too!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

G. S. SCOTT, 93, Lambert Road, London, S.W.
Example: Hard To Keep
Bullet: Perspective, "Up Against It."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: B. McGUIRE, 40, Willis Street, Ashted, Birmingham.
Bearing Fruit—Despite "Rocks," Faith's "Seed."

£10: Mrs. W. HENRY, 180, Parrin Lane, Winton, Patricroft Manchester.
Dreadful Mess—Children's—But Dreadfully Missed.

£9: J. W. PICKERSGILL 115, Union Road, Heckmondwike Yorks.
Now He's Retired—Efforts Relaxed—Effort, Relaxing

£8: W. A. SOLLEY 3, Stanley Road, Ramsgate.
Teaching Him To Drive—Taught Me—I'm Wheeled!

£7: N. RIX, 18, Houghend Avenue, Manchester.
What Money Means—"Clover"—And My "Daisy."

£6: J. BURGOYNE 101, Titchfield Street, Kilmarnock Ayrshire.
In The Gutter Lipton Sailed First Yacht.

£5: Mrs. C. EVANS, 30, Priory Close, Wembley.
In The Gutter—"Home, Sweet—"—Homeless, Bitter.

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

T. H. ALLEN, Park Drive, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent.
What Money Means—Certainty—"Certainties" Mean Poverty.

F. BEEVERS, Drury Farm, Barnsley.
Thinking Hard—Scratching Settler's Head. Professor!

T. H. BREAKELL, Westhaven, Park Road, Timperley.
In The Gutter—"Stream" Heedless—Can "Beckoning."

H. BURTON, 91, Albion Hill, Brighton.
Shock For Grandpa—Recalling Crimes—Fe Stab!

F. DAVY, 3, Lion Street, Church, Accrington.
Bearing Fruit—Lecture—Dad's "Strawberry's" *Disappearing*
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

C. C. GOULD, 49, Lon-y-Deri, Rhiwbina, Cardiff.
With A Stroke Of The Pen—Custom Awakened Village Postmaster!

T. H. HEARNSHAW, 51, Bapaume Lines, Catterick Camp, Yorks.
Bearing Fruit—Slum Clearance—"Rag Apples."

H. J. PARTRIDGE, Victoria Cottage, Clark Lane, Short Heath near Wolverhampton.
He's Only Father, So—Voice Squeaky From Disuse!

A. PHELPS, 36, Constance Street, Newport, Mon.
Our Gang—Comes Cropper!—"Cousin Copper!"

A. H. STENING, 9a, Holmshaw Road, Sydenham, S.E.
What Money Means—Misfortunes I'm Missing. Fortunately.

Each of the above winners will also receive a £15 15s. Radio Gramophone, as will 39 of £2. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for that, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /3 Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be stated on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision in any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 971 usually purchase "John Bull."

£1,935 Cash plus £4 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

£3,500 CASH MAY BE CHOSEN IN PLACE OF 3-in-1 PRIZE

Other Prizes £150 10 of £5 each: 10 of £2.10 each 25 of £1 · 500 of 2/6 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES £50

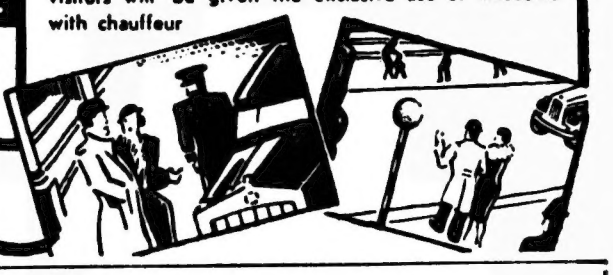
UNLIMITED PRESENTATION of "BULLETS" 1935 GIFT BOOKS

Enclose Gift Coupon below with 8 or more "Bullets" and "John Bull" will present this invaluable Pocket Guide to success in 1935.

AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END

IN LONDON FOR TWO TO CELEBRATE YOUR SUCCESS

Winner and chosen companion will be invited to enjoy a week-end at a luxurious West End Hotel. Every London thrill and entertainment which can be packed into the time will be provided by "John Bull," whose visitors will be given the exclusive use of limousine with chauffeur



THIS WAY TO SUCCESS—BE QUICK!

IF you go about the making of your *Bullets* in the right way, you will have enough within an hour to fill the coupons on this page, and any of them may head this enormous prize-list.

First, go carefully through the *Examples* and jot down in rough form the ideas they suggest to your mind. You have next to develop these first thoughts into well-phrased *Bullets* unlikely to be thought of by others. Your efforts, remember, must each consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you chose the *Example* MAD GAMBLE. Your first rough jotting might be, *Roadhog Often Takes With Life*. This you could readily compress and improve into the completed *Bullet*, MAD GAMBLE—AS ROADHOG "TWISTS WHEEL."

Before beginning on your efforts study the winning *Bullets* on the previous page. You will then be ready to tackle the *Examples* and turn out a prize *Bullet* yourself.

Get busy this evening and see that your *Bullets* are in by Saturday, February 16.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

LOAD OF MISCHIEF
IN WAR'S TRAIN
DANGEROUS ROAD
MADE FATHER SMILE
THE SMUGGLER
IN HYSTERICS
HIS CLUB
DEFIANTLY
WHEN ANGRY
NO LONGER
IN CHORUS
SHOWING OFF
BLIND WITH RAGE
TO EASE THE PAIN
IN HITLER'S HANDS
WHEN WORLD'S AT PEACE
SAID BALDWIN TO RAMSAY
MAD GAMBLE
PRESENTING ARMS
IF WE LIVED IN UTOPIA
TO BRING HER ROUND
ALWAYS
WORTH PROMOTING
GOOD ADVERTISEMENT
AT THE SWITCHBOARD
THROUGH THE AIR
WHEN WIFEY BROADCASTS
LITTLE PICKLE
POTS OF MONEY
HIS MASTER
TERRIBLE BLOW
DEVOTED COUPLE
WHAT'S BEHIND
ARMAMENTS TRAFFIC
LAST ROUND
IN POVERTY'S GRIP
WORRIES
"YOU'RE LATE!"
OUR TROUBLE
HAPPY LAND
NEXT TIME WE VOTE

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 971, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

TO SECURE YOUR FREE COPY

of this unique "Bullets" 1935 GIFT BOOK

You have simply to enter 8 Bullets for our Birthday Offer, either on ordinary coupons or prize coupons, and enclose GIFT COUPON below, duly filled up with name and address in which your 8 Bullets are entered. You will then receive, when prizes are despatched, a Bullets 1935 Gift Book, entirely FREE!

HERE IS YOUR FREE GIFT COUPON

J

N.B.—Unless this Coupon is actually enclosed in envelope with 8 Bullets entered in name and address below, it is valueless and cannot qualify you for a 1935 Gift Book.

I enclose _____ (fill in number of coupons, not less than four) Bullets Coupons for Competition No. 971, all entered in name and address below. (These may include Prize Coupons).

Name _____

Address _____

In Full _____

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

She Should Be Told About Elasto!

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon cease when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical:* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue; it is not a drug but a Vital Cell-Food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Not A Drug—But A Vital Cell-Food

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. You will be amazed at the marvellous effectiveness of this pleasant, easy remedy; no fuss; no trouble; just glorious relief. And, remember, *Elasto is not expensive.* For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to the Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually **restoring** the natural power of healing to the blood!

Read What Users of Elasto say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions no matter where they occur.

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these today—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

WHY ELASTO IS DIFFERENT

Elasto derives its marvellous curative properties as much from its unique method of manufacture as from its actual constituents. In the preparation of each batch of these tiny tablets the processes involved occupy no less than twelve working days. These prolonged processes are absolutely essential in order to secure the full biological activity and extreme fineness of this vital cell-food. Take an Elasto tablet, crush it between your fingers; a soft, fine powder results which may be blown to nothingness by the merest puff. Try to swallow one of these delicate tablets and you will find it impossible; it will vanish almost before you realise it is on your tongue. It has gone to put all those hours of patient scientific preparation into the rebuilding and repairing of living tissue. By the law of chemical affinity, it has been attracted to the blood through the mucous linings of the mouth and throat with the swiftness and certainty with which iron filings are drawn to the magnet!

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR ELASTO!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto,

The Great Blood Revitaliser

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

★

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS.....

"John Bull," 9/2/35 .....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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